Mediterranean Cruise of the U. S. S. Chester

In loving memory of

my Marine Husband

Alton McLean Mize

Chief Warrant Officer, United States Marine Corps

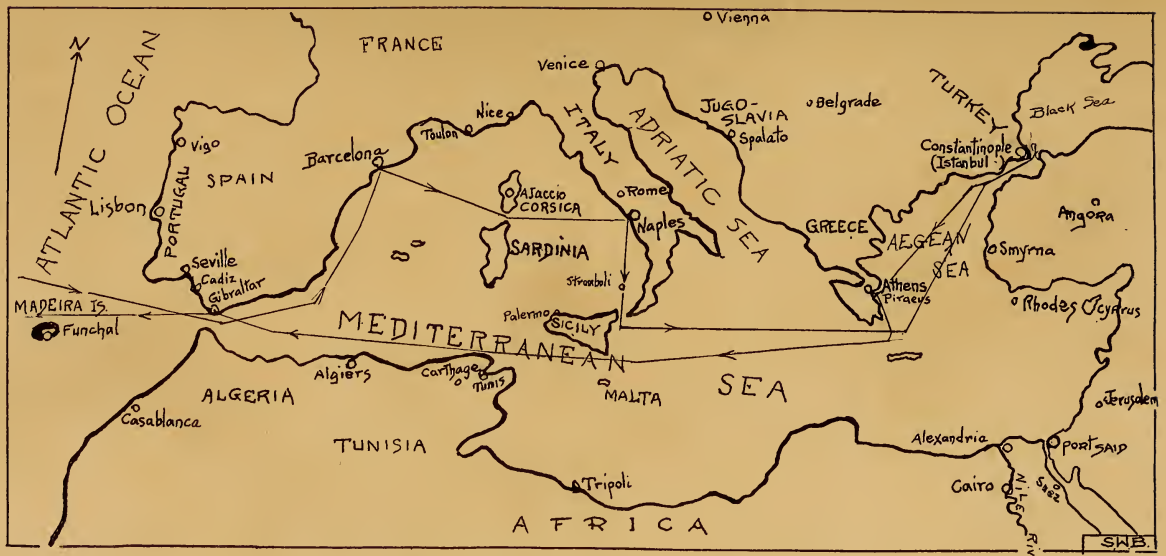
As a Private, his first assignment was

aboard the "U.S.S. Chester" on her

Mediterranean Cruise (p. 235)

Vera G. Mize

9/21/76



THE *CHESTER'S* COURSE IN EUROPE

TABLE OF DISTANCES

The United States cruiser *Chester* steamed a total of 10,418 nautical miles (11,575 land miles) during its memorable shakedown cruise. Point-to-point figures, in nautical miles follow: (A nautical mile is 1⅛ land miles.)

Newport, Rhode Island, to Barcelona, Spain	3,600
Barcelona, Spain, to Naples, Italy	561
Naples, Italy, to Constantinople, Turkey	994
Constantinople, through Bosphorus to Black Sea and return	30
Constantinople, Turkey, to Piraeus, Greece	362
Piraeus, Greece to Gibraltar	1,499
Gibraltar to Chester, Pennsylvania	3,372
Total nautical miles	10,418

Mediterranean Cruise of the U. S. S. Chester

BY

SAMUEL WHEELER BEACH

Author of

"THE GREAT CRUISE OF 1925"

A Story of a Queen of the Seas, Its First Crew, Its First Voyage, and of Its Sister Ships of the 10,000-ton Class

---

1931

Printcraft Press, Inc.

Portsmouth, Va.

U. S. A.

Copyright, 1931
by
Samuel Wheeler Beach

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER 1—Light Cruiser Data. The New U. S. S. *Chester,* The Old U. S. S. *Chester,* U. S. S. *Augusta,* U. S. S. *Northampton,* U. S. S. *Houston,* U. S. S. *Pensacola,* U. S. S. *Salt Lake City,* U. S. S. *Chicago,* U. S. S. *Louisville,* U. S. S. *Astoria.* Their Armaments ..... Page 19

CHAPTER 2—A Naval Bugaboo. The German Supercruiser *Ersatz Preussen.* Comparison With the *Chester* and *Pensacola.* Germany Evades Treaty of Versailles ..... Page 29

CHAPTER 3—The Builders. Description of Plant. The Templet System of Construction. War Activities. Instructive figures. Electrical Equipment of the *Chester* ..... Page 34

CHAPTER 4—Farewell Philadelphia. The Chester Commissioned. Arrival New York. Poisoned Food. Departure for Presidents Bay. First Seaplane Shot From Catapult. Arrival Newport ..... Page 45

CHAPTER 5—Newport to Barcelona. Departure From Newport. Drills. Medical Advice via Radio. A Man Lost at Sea ..... Page 50

CHAPTER 6—Barcelona. Sighting the Rock of Gibraltar. Arrival Barcelona. City Life. Description of City. Spanish Lotteries. Money. Monument to Columbus. International Exposition. Old Sections of Barcelona. Bull Fights. Catamarans. Social Activities. Baseball and Golf. Salutes. By Air to Naples. Seaplane Flights. Fine Treatment. That Duel With Swords. Enroute to Naples. Arrival at Naples ..... Page 54

CHAPTER 7—Naples. Brief History. American Express Co. Money Standard. Excursions. Castle Nuovo. Torture Chamber of Spanish Inquisition. The Fete of Piedigrotto. Italian Superstitions. On Neapolitan Streets. Beggars. Guides. Entertainments. Crew's Good Record. Salutes. The Seaplanes. Death of Vice Consul. A Five-Day Furlough in Italy ..... Page 74

CHAPTER 8—Pompeii and Vesuvius. On Road to Pompeii. What Happened at Pompeii. A Typical House. Along the Streets. House of Diomedes. How They Died. Plaster Casts. Theatres of Pompeii. Amphitheatre. House of Vettii. About the People. Enroute to Vesuvius. Various Eruptions. Views. Cogwheel Railroad.....Page 95

CHAPTER 9—Rome. Three-Day Excursions. Tomb of Italy's Unknown Soldier. The Vatican and Cathedral of Saint Peter. Colosseum. Circus Maximus. Catacombs. Arches of Titus and Constantine. Bones.....Page 118

CHAPTER 10—Stromboli Volcano. Adventure of the *Chester* in Relief Efforts. Mussolini Thanks Captain.....Page 127

CHAPTER 11—Constantinople. How Constantinople is Laid Out. Sailors Well Treated. Brief History of City. Population. Museums. Old Towers. Mosque of Saint Sophia. The Blue Mosque. Basilica Cistern. Hippodrome. The Grand Bazaar. Resources of Turkey. Boxing Bouts. Turkish Money. Entertainments. Y. M. C. A. Salutes. Through the Bosphorus. Seaplanes.....Page 136

CHAPTER 12—Modern Athens. Piraeus. Athens. Population. Street Peddlers. Cigarette Venders. The Greek Fleet. Greek Money. Short History. Salutes. Social. Italian Aviator Killed. How to See Things.....Page 157

CHAPTER 13—Ancient Athens. The Acropolis. Erechtheum. Parthenon. Its Destruction. Odeon of Herodes Atticus. Theatre of Bacchus. Temple of Olympian Zeus. Stadium. National Archaeological Museum. Modern Cemetery.....Page 165

CHAPTER 14—American Civilians Abroad. Ex-Navy Men Living Abroad. Confidence in Our Sailors.....Page 175

CHAPTER 15—Gibraltar. Description. Pillar of Hercules. Apes. Government. Water Supply. Turbulent History. Sieges. Fortifications. Old Galleries. Moorish Castle. Limeys and Yanks Fraternize. Money Exchange. Activities Socially. Seaplanes. Departure.....Page 180

CHAPTER 16—Gibraltar to Chester. Cruiser's First Baptism of Fire. An Enviable Radio Record. Oil and Water.

A Cheery Word From the Captain. *Chester* Encounters Rough Weather. "Jazz" Carroll Takes a Slide. O'Donnell Worries. Bulletins. Prosit. Heard the Night Before----------Page 190

CHAPTER 17—The *CHESTER'S* Athletics, by Lieutenant Bond----------Page 201

CHAPTER 18—To Feed the Crew----------Page 211

CHAPTER 19—Official End of Cruise. Arrival Chester. Difficult Docking. Free Movies. Masonic Club. Tuesday's D. A. R. Luncheon. Crew's Banquet. Presentation of Silver Service and Clock, by City of Chester and D. A. R., Respectively. Mayor Turner's Speech. Captain's Reply. Telegrams. Other Events. Captain Fairfield Entertains. *Chester* Departs. The Cruise Ends--------Page 215

PREFACE

In the train of ordinary events such a thing as a visit to foreign ports by a single warship would arouse but mediocre interest hardly worth recording.

This is not a story of an ordinary event, but of the parturition from the diplomatic pens of the predominant naval powers and through the skilled brain and brawn of America's nonpareil workmen, of one of a new type of warship, its commissioning under the Stars and Stripes, and of its first trip across the Great Pond, there to proudly preen its beauties before the eyes of its ancestors.

During late years so much has been said and written about naval affairs that not only our own citizens, but also those of all nations the world over, are engrossed in the subject. Ships of war are unmercifully picked to pieces during the family repast, along with the last word in radio sets, while, best of all, our good people ashore are becoming conscious of the truth that their children on the sea are as fine a body of men as Dame Nature produces, once their life sphere is studied and understood.

A decade ago the great naval powers bethought themselves to limit for a time at least,

the size, armament and comparative strength of future ships of war, settling upon a limit of 10,000 tons displacement as to size, six- and eight-inch guns as to armament, and a ratio of 5-5-3 for the comparative strength as between the naval forces of Great Britain, the United States, and Japan.

At that time the 10,000-ton cruiser was an unknown quantity, but with surprising speed they were designed and built. Now our beautiful American craft of this class are taking to the water with clockwork regularity, insuring Uncle Sam a place in the sun, so that his people are encouraged to again canvass diligently the commerce of the Seven Seas—that only sure road to sound, national prosperity.

The fight for an assured universal disarmament and peace must be a long drawn out attack in echelon, with many years between sections of the charging line. There was such an attack at Gettysburg. It failed; and happily so. Let us pray that the present campaign will not so fail, so that in the glorious end there will everywhere be "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Until then, we must be prepared.

To my commanding officer, Captain Arthur P. Fairfield, U. S. N., I owe the honor of authority to write this book. I am indebted to Mr. R. M. Hertzog, of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation for valuable pictures and construction data;

to the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, Ltd., for picture and data on the cruiser *Northampton;* to the Bath Iron Works Corporation for information concerning the first cruiser named *Chester;* to the Honorable S. E. Turner, mayor of the city of Chester, Pennsylvania, for facts pertaining to the ship's launching; to Mr. John W. Kean, of the Navy Department; to Mr. McGowan, of the Chester "Times"; to Lieutenant Charles A. Bond, Ship's Athletic Officer, as well as to numerous others who assisted whole-heartedly in the accumulation of photographs and details, without which this volume would have been impossible.

Written on board the United States Cruiser *Chester* at sea, in the fall of 1930.

Samuel Wheeler Beach.

THE FIRST U. S. S. *CHESTER*

This trim scout cruiser was delivered to the Navy in April, 1908. She was 420 feet long, 46 feet 8½ inches beam, 36.44 feet depth, 16 feet 6 inches draft, and of 3,775 tons displacement. She was driven by four screws with direct connected Parson's turbines. Steam was furnished by twelve Normand water tube boilers.

—By Courtesy Bath Iron Works Corporation.

NAVY DEPARTMENT
Bureau of Aeronautics
Washington

25 June, 1930

My Dear Captain Fairfield:

As the former Commanding Officer of the Old *Chester,* may I offer to you, your officers and men my best wishes for a successful and happy commission and many years of service for our country.

The old *Chester* was a tight little ship, and I feel sure that the new one will fully live up to the reputation always borne by her namesake.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely yours,

W. A. Moffett.

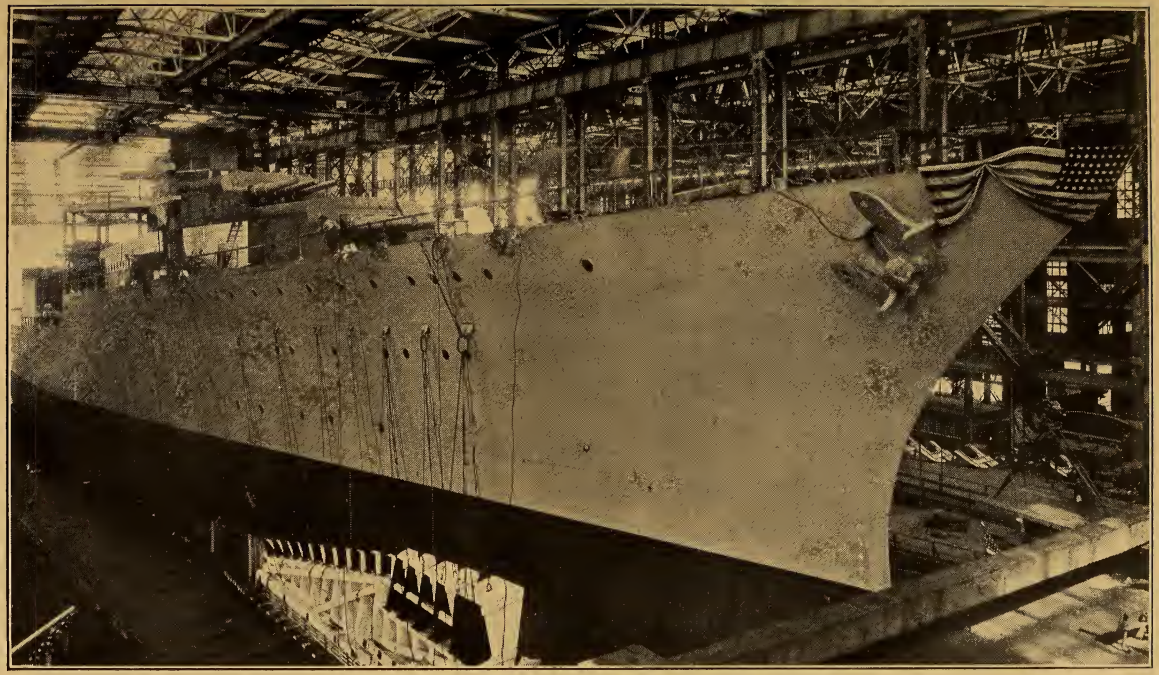
To: Captain A. P. Fairfield, U. S. N.,
U. S. S. *Chester,*
Navy Yard,
Philadelphia, Pa.

The above quoted letter from Rear Admiral William Adger Moffett, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, is highly prized by Captain Fairfield, and by all officers and men, breathing as it does the entire good will under which our beautiful ship set forth upon her career.

FULL SPEED AHEAD

The new *Chester* cutting through the sea at high speed as easily as a sharp knife into a custard pie.

—Courtesy New York Shipbuilding Co.



On the Ways, One Day Previous to Launching

—Courtesy New York Shipbuilding Co.

THE LAUNCHING PARTY

Reading left to right: Miss Lillian Faith, Miss Helen Aiken, Miss Jane Turner Blain, the *Chester's* sponsor, Mrs. Alice Turner Blain, Miss Ella Field Blain, Miss Revilla Reed and Miss Dorothy Jane Hendrickson.

—Picture by Courtesy New York Shipbuilding Co.

CHAPTER 1

LIGHT CRUISER DATA

There were 776 vessels of all types from tugs to mammoth airplane carriers in the United States Navy on July 1, 1929, according to latest figures obtainable. Of these, 733 were fit for service or under repair, 10 were being constructed, and 33 had been authorized but no money yet appropriated.

On that date eight of the so-called "Washington" light cruisers were on the ways. These were the *Augusta* and *Houston*, built by the Newport News Shipbuilding Company; the *Chester* and *Salt Lake City,* by the New York Shipbuilding Company; the *Northampton,* by the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company; the *Pensacola,* at the New York Navy Yard; the *Louisville,* at the Puget Sound Navy Yard, and the *Chicago,* at Mare Island, California.

Possessed of the maximum tonnage and armament decreed under the treaty at Washington between the principal naval powers, effective August 17, 1923, these cruisers are going forth with the eyes of a critical world upon them. Their efficiency in time of need remains to be learned, since they are radically different than any major warships in existence up to the pres-

ent. The recent advent of the German light cruiser *Ersatz Preussen,* for instance, suggests that the signatories of the Washington Treaty may be forced to seriously consider the advisability of changing that treaty in respect to tonnage and armament, in order to compete in the same sphere of usefulness coverd by the German, which sphere would not be entirely encompassed by the suggested production of light cruiser airplane carriers.

The eight new cruisers mentioned are the same length, 600 feet, with the exception of two, the *Pensacola* and the *Salt Lake City,* which measure 585 feet over all. Our eighteen first-line battleships average 594 feet in length.

The six longer light cruisers have a mean draft of 17 feet, 7 inches; the shorter two, 17 feet, 5 inches. The eighteen battleships average 29½ feet draft.

As to tonnage, the cruisers with their 10,000 tons, compare with an average for the battleships of 29,214 tons.

In breadth at load water line the eight cruisers average 67½ feet, and the battleships 92 feet. This, together with the tonnage, accounts in a large measure for the much higher speed of the cruisers, approximately 34 knots, over the first-line battlers' 21½ knots, and in a war of the future the factor of speed will probably play a deciding part, because the slower warship is

more vulnerable to aerial attack, and aerial warfare is undoubtedly in the ascendancy.

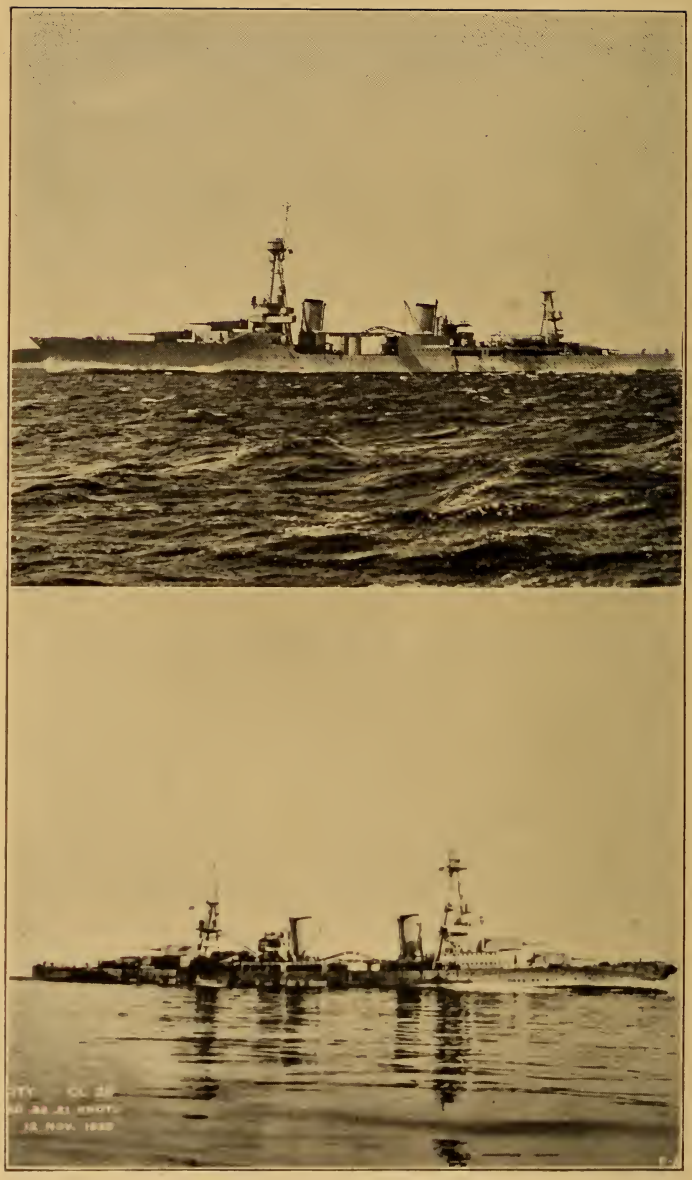
No good could come of attempting to average the cost prices of the late cruisers in competition with battleships, since the period of construction of the latter-named type of warship covered many years, with attendant wide differences in prices of material and labor. Several battleships were built on a cost plus basis.

The hull and machinery of the *Chester* cost $10,815,000, under a contract with the New York Shipbuilding Company, of Camden, New Jersey, dated June 13, 1927, and her keel was laid March 6, 1928.

Light Cruisers of 10,000 Tons

The eight light cruisers of the Washington class, so called from the fact that they are the outcome of the Washington Treaty, which were in course of construction July 1, 1929, were all authorized by Act of Congress dated December 18, 1924, and the *Chester* was the fifth to be commissioned.

The *Chester,* Light Cruiser Number 27, is the second warship to be named in honor of the city of Chester, Pennsylvania. The first vessel with that name was a scout cruiser, built by the Bath Iron Works, Bath, Maine, launched June 26, 1907. Her displacement was 3,750 tons. Her



The U. S. S. Northampton
—Courtesy Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corpn., Ltd.

U. S. S. Salt Lake City
Making 33.21 knots speed off Rockland, Maine, Nov. 12, 1929.
—Courtesy New York Shipbuilding Co.

name was subsequently changed to *York*. She was decommissioned some time ago. The present *Chester* was launched July 3, 1929, and placed in commission at Philadelphia Navy Yard Tuesday, June 24, 1930, under the command of Captain Arthur P. Fairfield, with Commander Harry J. Abbett as Executive Officer. Miss Jane Turner Blain, niece of the Hon. Samuel E. Turner, Mayor of Chester, Pennsylvania, christened the new warship.

The *Augusta,* Light Cruiser Number 31, was named in honor of the city of Augusta, Georgia, and is the third vessel of the Navy to be thus named. The first *Augusta* was a sailing vessel, brig rigged, with fourteen guns and a crew of eighty men. She was built or purchased in Baltimore in 1799 at a cost of $16,294, an amount hardly enough to buy the anchors and anchor chains of a modern battleship. The second *Augusta* was a paddle steamer of 1,310 tons used during the Civil War. The keel of the present *Augusta* was laid July 2, 1928, and the contract calls for completion by March 13, 1931.

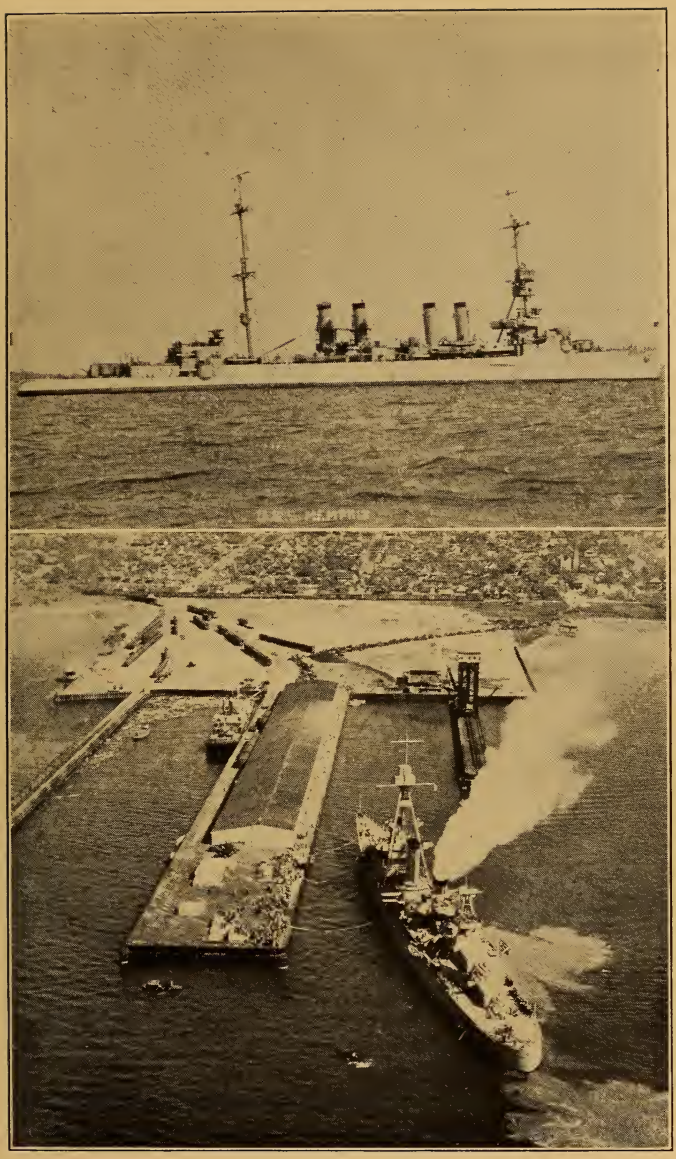
Light Cruiser Number 29, the *Chicago,* named in honor of that Illinois city, was preceded by one other warship of the same name, which latter was built by John Roach & Sons, Chester, Pennsylvania, and launched December 5, 1883. Her construction forty-seven years ago marked the change from the old Navy to steam vessels, and

she was the first ship of the "new Navy." Her displacement was 4,500 tons. Her name was later changed to *Alton.* The keel of the present *Chicago* was laid September 10, 1928, at the Mare Island Navy Yard, and the contract calls for completion by March 13, 1931.

Light Cruiser Number 28, the *Louisville,* named in honor of the city of Louisville, Kentucky, is the second of that name, the first having been an ironclad of 468 tons, carrying fourteen guns, built during the early days of the Civil War, and later sold. The keel of the present *Louisville* was laid July 4, 1928, and the ship is due for completion by March 13, 1931. The *Louisville,* launched Monday, September 1, 1930, was christened by a bottle of water taken from a spring near Louisville, from which Abraham Lincoln quenched his thirst when a boy. The sponsor was Miss Jane Brown Kennedy, assisted by Miss Henrietta Henderson and Miss Ruth Cole, all of Louisville. The new ship was constructed at the Bremerton, Washington (Puget Sound), Navy Yard, slightly ahead of time and at a saving of $600,000 under bid.

Within a few minutes after the *Louisville* cleared the ways and plunged into her element, the keel plates of yet another "Washington" cruiser, the *Astoria,* were being riveted together, the two ceremonies being merged into one.

The U. S. S. *Northampton,* Light Cruiser



U. S. S. Memphis

This 7,500-ton cruiser was queen of her class. She carried Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh back home from Paris and has ploughed through almost all of the Seven Seas.

—*Courtesy Navy Department.*

The Pensacola

Arriving at Pensacola, Florida, for presentation of radio set by citizens, April 1, 1930. Note the line of automobiles from dock to city, looking like an army of those Panama ants that carry edible leaves on their backs for miles.

—*Courtesy New York Shipbuilding Co.*

Number 26, was named in honor of the home town of President Calvin Coolidge, in Massachusetts, and Mrs. Coolidge stood sponsor for the ship when it was launched, September 5, 1929. It is the first Naval ship thus named. It was commissioned at the Boston Navy Yard, May 17, 1930, under Captain Walter N. Vernou as Commanding Officer, and Commander Thomas A. Symington, Executive Officer. The *Northampton* began her shakedown cruise July 12, 1930, when she left Newport for Lisbon, Portugal; Cadiz, Spain; Gibraltar; Villa Franche, France; Venice, Italy, and Bizerta, Tunis.

Light Cruiser Number 30, the *Houston,* is named in honor of that Texas metropolis, and was built by the Newport News Shipbuilding Co. The first *Houston* was a cargo ship, the S. S. *Liebenfels,* built in Germany, and used by the Naval Overseas Transport Service during the World War. Leaving Newport, August 30, 1930, the new cruiser visited Southampton, England; Rotterdam, Holland; Le Havre, France; Key West, Florida, and Houston, Texas, for her shakedown.

The *Pensacola,* Light Cruiser Number 24, named in honor of the city in Florida, is the third Naval vessel so called. The first *Pensacola* was a steam sloop of war launched at Pensacola Navy Yard in 1859. Her gangway headboards were

decorated with cornucopias, "horns of plenty," the word "pensacola" meaning "plenty" in the Indian dialect. This ship was with Farragut's famous squadron in the passage of Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip, in April, 1864, also taking part in the battles of New Orleans and Mobile Bay. It was stricken from the Navy list December 23, 1911. The second *Pensacola* was the former German steamer *Nicaria,* taken over by the United States during the World War and serving from October 8, 1917, to March 14, 1925.

The present *Pensacola* was launched at the New York Navy Yard April 25, 1929, being christened by Miss Seligman, of Pensacola. The ship was put in commission February 6, 1930, under Captain A. G. Howe, Commanding Officer, and Commander G. M. Courts, Executive Officer.

On her shakedown cruise this chic little bulldog of the seas went through the Panama Canal, for visits to Callao, Peru, and Valparaiso, Chile. She maintained a speed of 26.7 knots from Valparaiso back to Balboa, again passed through the Isthmian waterway, dropped in for a few days at Havana, and then sped back home.

Salt Lake City, Utah, honored the present cruiser with its name. She was constructed as Light Cruiser Number 25, and is the first Naval vessel by that name. Launched at Camden, January 23, 1929, she was christened by Miss Helen Bridge, and on December 11, 1929, went

into full commission under the command of Captain F. L. Oliver, with Commander H. C. Gearing as Executive Officer.

The *Salt Lake City* left Camden February 10, 1930, on her shakedown cruise, taking in Rio Janeiro and Bahia, Brazil.

The main batteries of the *Pensacola* and the *Salt Lake City* consist of ten 8-inch 55-caliber guns, arranged in two double and two triple gun mounts. The other six light cruisers are fitted with nine 8-inch 55-caliber guns in three triple mounts. The secondary batteries of all eight cruisers are the same, viz., four 5-inch 25-caliber anti-aircraft and two 3-pounder saluting. Each cruiser is fitted with two 21-inch triple torpedo tubes above water.

In the matter of quarters and mess complements the ships vary, as follows:

	Quarters Available			Messes	
	Cabin	Ward-room	Warrant	CPO's	Others
Augusta	3	43	12	34	519
Chester	2	37	10	34	519
Chicago	3	43	12	34	519
Houston	3	43	12	34	519
Louisville	2	37	10	34	519
Northampton	2	37	10	34	519
Pensacola	1	31	12	30	538
Salt Lake City	1	31	12	30	538

CHAPTER 2

A NAVAL BUGABOO

Wily Germany bobs up again with a challenge to the navies of the world. She believes that she has perhaps found the keystone in the naval rubbish heap into which her erstwhile foes thought that they had ignominiously thrust her through the Treaty of Versailles. They had admonished her, among a raft of other "thou shalt nots," that it is verboten to build any warship of more than 10,000 tons displacement. And, having that off their minds, the idea that Germany could possibly produce a vessel of superior fighting strength to the so-called Washington cruisers, of which the United States has already commissioned the *Chester, Houston, Northampton, Pensacola* and *Salt Lake City,* was apparently ignored by the signatories of the Treaty of Washington, who did not think about limiting her gun power.

Now what! There floats today the German cruiser *Ersatz Preussen,* something new and startling on the sea, that at first wrung cataracts of despair from the astonished eyes of the leading naval powers. It was apparent at first that this new type of warship would revolutionize navies as thoroughly as did John Ericsson's *Monitor.*

But!

The *Ersatz Preussen* conforms to the treaty in that she religiously displaces but 10,000 tons. Yet, for armament she has six 11-inch guns of high muzzle velocity, whereas Great Britain, Japan and the United States are solemnly pledged to use no guns that are larger bored than 8-inch. The *Ersatz Preussen* can, therefore, deliver a tremendously heavier blow than our present cruisers can, at the same time staying peacefully out of range of our horizontal fire.

The German's decks are doubly protected by armor, to guard against aerial attacks.

Heavy guns and armor for the *Ersatz Preussen* necessitated a sacrifice elsewhere in order to keep within Versailles' limits. Her constructors answered this by lighter engines, the use of aluminum where possible, and by the elimination of rivets in favor of welding. (Bear in mind that rivets are weighty, and that, for example, the U. S. S. *Chester* needed 1,300,000 of them to fasten her together). What weakness, if any, may eventually materialize through hull welding remains unanswerable at present; but a crack in one plate of a riveted ship seldom extends beyond the plate affected, while it may be revealed later that a fissure at one point in a rivetless hull may spread to any length.

As for speed, our new cruisers can run rings around (or away from) the German.

How about a future war? Will it be fought on the sea by 8- or 11-inch projectiles bustling to and fro between ships, or will diamonds from the sky have a decisive vote?

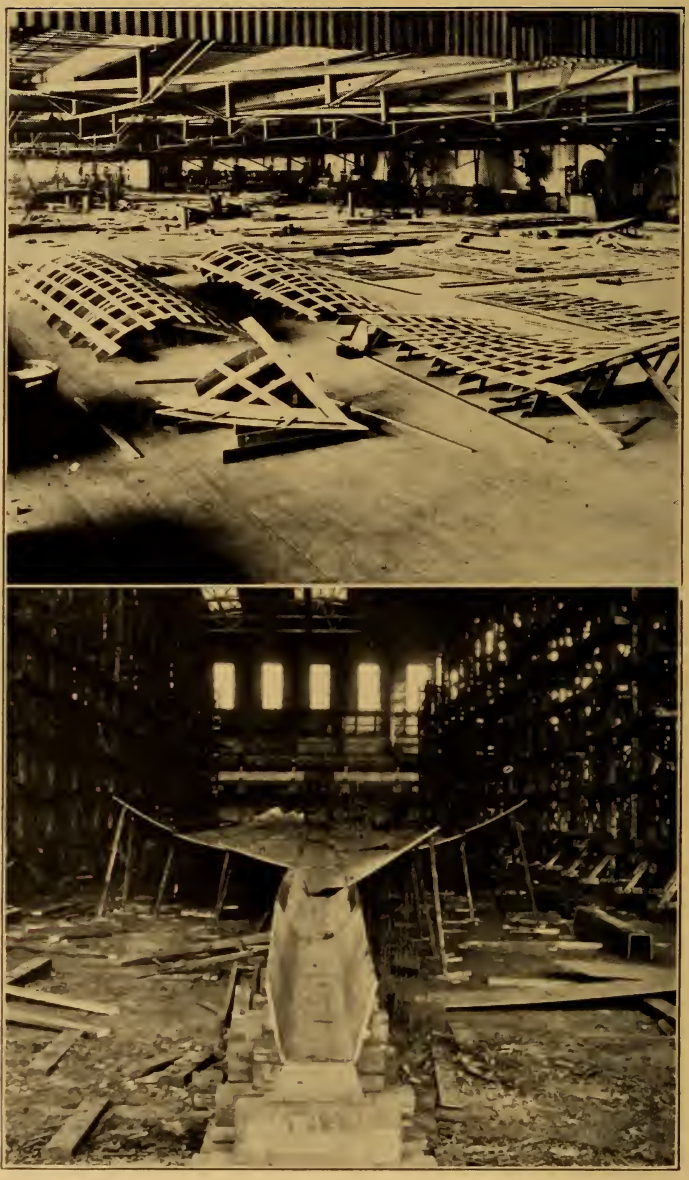
Right there is the answer.

Our new cruisers are fast, and carry plenty of aircraft. It is but a matter of time, it is believed, until a boisterous school of little 10,000-ton *Saratogas* and *Lexingtons* will be skimming over the waves and then all the *Ersatz Preussens* producible might better cuddle up close to the peat banks far inland up the Kiel Canal and call it a day.

So let us breathe again.

A fairly accurate comparison between the *Ersatz Preussen* and two of our new cruisers, the *Chester* and the *Pensacola,* follows:

	Ersatz Preussen	*Chester*	*Pensacola*
Normal displacement, tons	10,000	10,000	10,000
Length, load waterline, ft.	593	582	570
Beam, feet	66	65′8¼″	65′3″
Draft, feet	19	19′8½″	19′6″
Speed, knots	26	32.5	32.5
Shaft horsepower	50,000	109,000	107,000
Machinery	Diesel	Turbine	Turbine
Main battery	6 11″	9 8″	10 8″
Turrets	2 3-gun	3 3-gun	2 3-gun 2 2-gun



Wooden Templets or Patterns, Used in Building a Modern Ship
The First Step in Construction
—Courtesy New York Shipbuilding Co.

FULL SPEED ASTERN

Being made by the *Chester* during her builder's trials off Rockland, Maine. This is one of the most unique and rare views of a warship ever published. Note the flag straining forward, and the "wake" being left by the bow. —*Courtesy New York Shipbuilding Co.*

CHAPTER 3

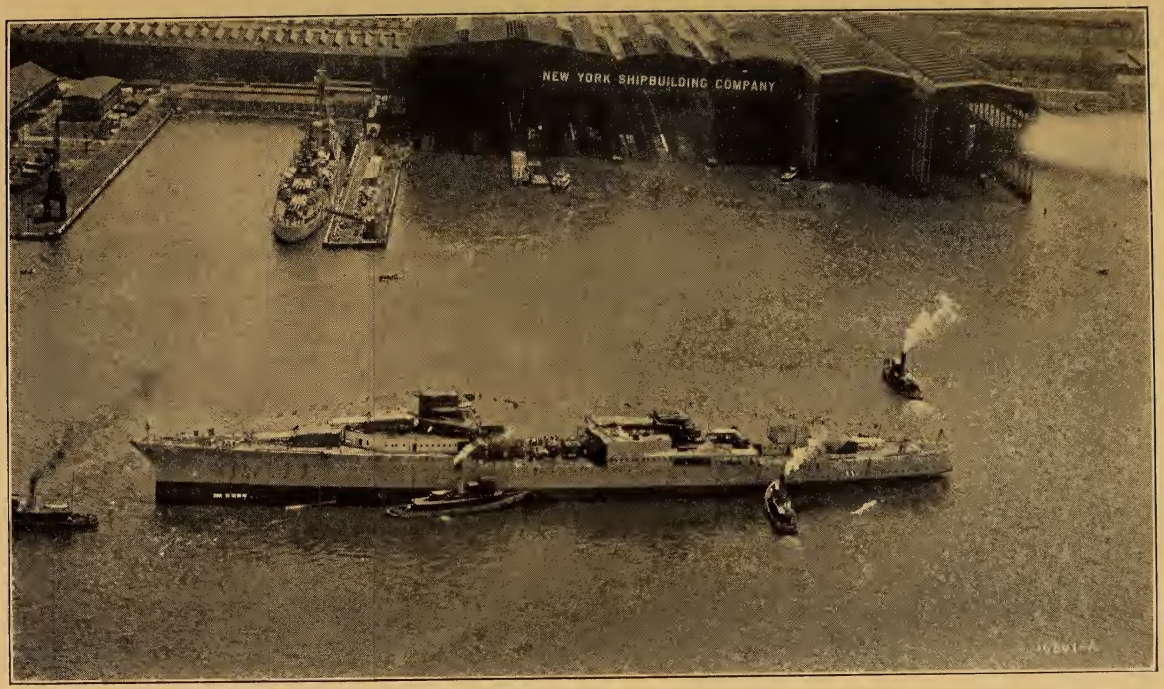
THE BUILDERS

It happily fell to the lot of the *Chester* to be built in what is asserted to be the largest completely equipped shipyard in the world: that of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation, at Camden, New Jersey, across the Delaware River from Philadelphia.

Here was built also the gigantic airplane carrier *Saratoga,* with a length of 888 feet and a displacement tonnage of 38,770, with turbines developing 215,000 horsepower, and with electrical equipment capable of lighting the entire city of Boston, besides running its street cars. This great vessel was constructed under roof, which amply illustrates the vast size of this yard's covered ways.

The battleships *Colorado, Idaho, Oklahoma, Utah, Arkansas,* the cruiser *Salt Lake City,* the destroyer tender *Melville,* besides scores of destroyers, seagoing tugs and many other Naval vessels have been sent forth from "New York Ship," including the 27,566-ton battleship *Moreno,* of the Argentine Navy, and the protected cruiser *Elli,* of the Greek Navy.

This mammoth plant extends nearly an entire mile along the Delaware River. Eleven big ships may be under construction at one time in its



JUST LAUNCHED

An airplane view, showing the *Chester* in midstream and the *Salt Lake City* alongside outfitting pier.
—Courtesy New York Shipbuilding Co.

shipbuilding berths, which include five double ways and six large single ways. Besides these eleven vessels, four more may at the same time be in course of completion in the outfitting basins.

Practically everything entering into the building and equipping of all classes of seagoing craft is designed and built out of raw materials at this yard by an organization averaging five thousand men.

Old-timers at this ship yard still reminisce about Contract Number One, launched as the freighter *M. S. Dollar,* later revamped into a tanker under the name *J. M. Guffey.* This vessel was launched with her funnel in place. Taking advantage of that fact, some wiseacres built a bonfire under the stack, and as the good ship slid down the ways she belched forth clouds of black smoke. What was then thought a joke and impossible is now reality, however, for, due to improved overhead cranes, any ship of ordinary size can now be equipped with engines and boilers while on the ways, and can be launched with steam up, ready to put to sea.

Should speed in building be an essence of the contract, "New York Ship" can sign on the dotted line without hesitation. The collier *Tuckahoe,* for instance, was underway with a cargo of coal on the fortieth day after her keel was laid down in the Camden yard. Think of that!

The New York Shipbuilding Corporation first introduced the templet system which has since been adopted by all of the important plants throughout the maritime world.

A templet is a wooden, or paper, pattern in accordance with which the steel plates, beams, and other fabricated parts of a ship are worked up. So exact has the work become from the introduction of templets that rivet holes in two or three thicknesses of plates and angles match perfectly when these parts are carried to the way and assembled. Templets for an entire ship can be made before a single pound of raw material for the construction of that ship has been delivered at the yard, and one such set of patterns can be used for the building of as many ships of like design as may be wanted.

It was the templet system that made possible the output of standardized ships from Hog Island and other assembling yards built as a war measure.

Apropos war activities, the record achieved by the New York Shipbuilding Corporation stands paramount in the annals of ship production.

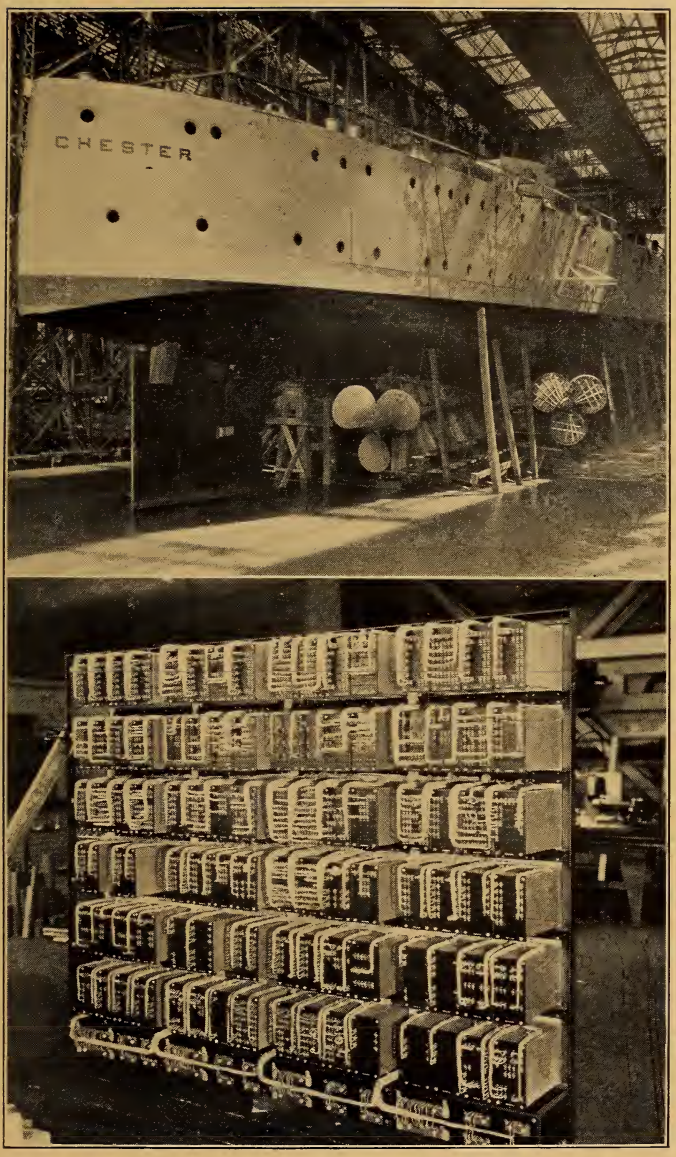
Due to submarine depredations upon allied naval and commercial shipping, plus our own far inadequacy, the summer of 1917 found us faced with a stupendous problem. How were we to send our soldiers overseas fast enough,

together with tons, more tons, legions of tons of the thousands of necessities embraced within the panoply of war? "Ships, ships, ships!" That was the frantic cry from every quarter. All existing ship building and assembling plants, with new ones which sprang up, answered nobly.

To "New York Ship" came demands from the Navy for a fleet of thirty destroyers, while the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation urgently ordered veritable squadrons of cargo and troop ships.

Immediately, ten new destroyer ways were constructed to take care of our Navy's needs, besides an entirely new section, known as the South Yard, of 36 acres, for the Shipping Board, so completely equipped for rapid construction of cargo and troop-carrying vessels as to be perfectly independent of the main establishment, except as to executive control. The immense task of building and equipping of the South Yard commenced in May, 1918, and the first keels laid twelve months later. This great work at the South Yard was charged to the Government at actual cost. After the war the corporation took over the ways and shop equipment of this yard on a profit-sharing basis, payment to be made to the Emergency Fleet Corporation out of earnings.

To keep the shops supplied with their never-ending demand for raw materials at a time when



STERN OF THE *CHESTER* ON THE WAYS
BACK PANEL WIRING OF A BIG SHIP'S ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT
—Courtesy New York Shipbuilding Co.

the nation's ability to produce and transport them was strained to the breaking point, was a victorious achievement of the "New York Ship's" sublime executive administration. During 1919, for example, fifty-five thousand invoices, aggregating thirty-five million dollars, for materials ranging from tiny screws and percolators to ponderous propellers and mighty boilers, were checked and paid, while 12,000 carloads of freight were received at the storage yards, upon which the freight charges amounted to $1,350,000.

During 1917 and 1918, the years of our active participation in the war, the corporation delivered twenty merchant vessels, totaling 175,965 tons deadweight, including seven tankers, ten colliers and three freighters.

It is difficult for a landsman to realize the tremendous amount of work and vast quantities of materials involved in building one ship, so seven tankers, ten colliers and three freighters register nothing to him. Know you, Mr. Landsman, that besides using 1,300,000 red hot rivets in construction of the *Chester*, there were 46 miles of multiple wire cables strung for electrical purposes alone, to say nothing of the countless miles of single wire. Think of it—*miles*, not feet!

The electrical equipment of a modern cruiser, as well as of any large craft, is becoming more essential and therefore more complicated as time and ingenuity march on. This is not a

text book, but a few figures appertaining to electrical apparatus on board the *Chester* may be given to further accentuate the vast amount of intricate work that must be accomplished at a shipyard before a vessel can be turned over to its owners as complete and ready for sea.

On board the *Chester* there are 110 electric fans of the common, or garden variety, while, to further supply fresh air down in the bowels of the craft there is a network of ventilator pipes fed by 50 electrically driven blowers, each with a motor of from one-half to twenty horsepower.

The ordinary white electric lamp is present to the number of 2,361, which, should aught befall the generators, will continue to glow through the automatic and instantaneous transfer of power from immense banks of storage cells.

A 100-drop telephone switchboard controls ninety-seven dial phones located about the decks and in compartments throughout the vessel.

Besides numbers of ordinary circular life preservers, there are four large, patent metallic life buoys which, the moment they touch water, emit a cloud of smoke and a light, to attract attention not only of a person struggling in the water, but also those on board to its location. All four buoys, or either one of them, may be instantly released by pushing an appropriate button on the Signal Bridge, or they may be released by hand.

There are eighty-seven general alarm bells, big fellows, which are operated either from the quarterdeck, the pilot house, or central station.

Should accident, real or impending, occur in either of the four firerooms, a man on watch has but to push a button to turn bedlam loose in the form of a gong located up where someone is bound to hear it, and an accompanying annunciator indicates the fireroom needing assistance.

If the lubricating oil pressure in one of the great, vital turbo-generators become dangerously low, an alarm is automatically flashed. Similarly, seventy-four little thermostats in ammunition and other compartments usually kept closed far below decks, stand guard and give warning to a 72-drop annunciator located at Central Station; and so on and on, almost without limit, might we quote facts and figures concerning all of the multitude of different kinds of labor and materials which combine into one single ship. There are numerous interesting things which we would like to tell, but can not, for reasons that are obvious. Take a look at the accompanying photograph of the back panel wiring of one of the switchboards of a modern steamship, and try to visualize the brains and ingenuity entering into its assembly. It means miles, not feet, of wiring.

There is always one or more Naval vessels

being built in the Camden yard, where the United States maintains a permanent force of experts for the inspection of materials entering into its ships. Besides these experts, when a major Naval craft is involved, there is a large, modern office building set aside, into which is gradually assembled the principal officers, warrant officers, chief petty officers and others who are forming the nucleus of its crew, to the end that by the time the ship is commissioned, a large percentage of her personnel are already familiar with their individual material and duties on board.

The latest Naval ship on the "New York Ship" ways is the 10,000-ton cruiser *Indianapolis*. Besides, numbers of craft are under construction for other branches of Government activity, as well as for commercial carriers. *Leviathans* can be turned out as handily as tugs.

The serious problem of housing its 20,000 war workers was met by the "New York Ship" on behalf of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, during the Great War, through the construction of two modern towns, embracing a total of sixteen hundred cozy homes within easy walking distance of the yard. These two towns have since been turned over to commercial exploitation and one of them is known as Fairview.

To develop the efficiency of its men on the job, the corporation has gone to considerable length in formulating plans to keep its men contented.

A centrally located dressing station is maintained. Competent doctors and nurses are in attendance during all working hours, and men convalescing from illness or accident may be visited and treated at their homes. There is a system of yard cafeterias and lunch counters. A yard store sells supplies to employees at cost prices.

All in all, there is no wonder that employees of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation stay, grow up with the yard, become experts in their various lines, and that loyalty and comradeship reign hand in hand.

Men of the *Chester* who spent many weeks at the plant will never forget the cheery cooperation they met while at work shoulder to shoulder with civilian yard officers and workmen.

CHAPTER 4

FAREWELL PHILADELPHIA

June 24, 1930, broke hazy in the east. At eight o'clock the crew of the *Chester,* that had been assembling gradually for months, fell into line at the Receiving Station, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, and marched briskly to the ship's dock, where they awaited the zero hour of the cruiser's commissioning as a unit of the United States Fleet.

The Navy Yard band struck up a lively march, while visitors and officials went aboard. It was drizzling by then—a miserable sort of day for the occasion; but no one thought to grumble.

Shortly before eleven o'clock the crew marched up the gangway and took station, while nimble newspaper photographers climbed to dizzy heights, the better to "shoot" the proceedings.

Aft, on the fantail, officials and guests had gathered.

Then Mr. Clinton A. Bardo, President of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation, in an informal speech, presented the new warship to Rear Admiral Julian L. Latimer, Commandant of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, who accepted it in behalf of the Government. Admiral Latimer turned the *Chester* over to her first commanding

officer, Captain Arthur P. Fairfield. The Stars and Stripes was raised to the staff as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the good ship *Chester* had taken its place in the powerful Fleet of Uncle Sam.

Other addresses were made, one being delivered by Hon. Samuel E. Turner, Mayor of the city of Chester, Pennsylvania.

Departure For Presidents Bay

The last liberty in Philadelphia expired for the crew of the *Chester* at 1 o'clock, Thursday morning, July 24, 1930. The ship was ready, as befits all United States warships, when, at 7:30 A. M., the last lines were cast off. Gracefully, the ship glided into midstream under the guiding hand of a yard pilot, hesitated a moment, and then headed down the broad Delaware toward the sea, with the New York Navy Yard next port of call.

New Jersey's famed mosquitoes, plus Pennsylvania house flies, had united in constant frontal attacks en masse there in the Philadelphia Navy Yard, making life almost unbearable on board ship at times. It seemed as though the flies zipped through the compartments by day for the express purpose of ascertaining the topography, sampling the crew, and figuring out the easiest and most sanguinary plan for night

campaigns of their savage allies, the mosquito, so that at no time was one or the other pest absent. This was one of the reigning reasons why the very ship seemed to heave a sigh of relief at the departure. Otherwise, since most of the boys had been at the Quaker City long enough to become well acquainted, not every member of the crew was particularly happy. There was many a solemn countenance as the ship pulled away from Pier 8, while wives and sweethearts being left behind kept their handkerchiefs fluttering as long as the *Chester* remained in sight.

Enroute down the Delaware River the city of Chester, Pennsylvania, was passed. It must have taxed the ship's engines to push the craft through that terrific din, clatter and bang of whistles, bells, and every other means energetically employed by the citizens massed along the waterfront to cheer their slim, gray namesake on its proud, majestic way. Mayor Turner, it seems, had declared a one-hour holiday to give Chesterites an opportunity to lend a hand in the welcome, and certainly all hands did their utmost. Barbara Fritchies, sans gray hair, waved flags of all sizes from many windows, small boys infested housetops, while up streets at a distance people could be seen making knots with coattails flying, eager to see the ship.

At Delaware Capes the cruiser stopped long

enough to calibrate its magnetic and radio compass equipments with the assistance of the Naval tug *Kalmia,* proceeding again late in the afternoon.

The *Chester* arrived at New York Navy Yard for a brief preparedness overhaul at nine o'clock in the morning of July 25. The stay as a whole was uneventful, although there was much activity.

Poisoned Food

A working party of sixty-three men engaged in loading a lighter with ammunition at the Naval Ammunition Depot, Fort Miflin, Pennsylvania, were the men of the crew who were poisoned by food eaten at 12:15 P. M. on the 16th of July, while the *Chester* was at Philadelphia. A lunch consisting of ham, among other things, was prepared aboard ship for this working party, and eaten in a small room at Fort Miflin. It was suspected that the ham had become affected in some manner. Thirty-three men were taken ill, thirteen of them requiring hospitalization. All, happily, recovered.

Shortly after 3 P. M., August 7, the *Chester* left New York and as she passed astern of the battleship *Colorado,* the latter's band, assembled on the fantail, played "The Star-Spangled Banner." It was a proud moment for the crew.

The days following were passed in and about

Massachusetts and Presidents bays, receiving sundry supplies, testing machinery and making things generally snug.

On August 8 the first seaplane was shot from a catapult on the new *Chester*. This was in Massachusetts Bay. Lieutenant Tague and Alvin Brinkley, AMM 2c, made this initial flight, which was entirely successful.

Only two type 02U-3 seaplanes were taken on the shakedown cruise, but when the *Chester* joins the Fleet she will probably carry six seaplanes ready for immediate service, and four additional planes, knocked down, in storage.

On the morning of August 13 the ship anchored off Newport to await the start of the Mediterranean cruise.

CHAPTER 5

NEWPORT TO BARCELONA

Friday, August 15th, 1930, will forever remain a red letter day in the memories of all hands, for it marked the beginning of the big cruise that had been looked forward to for many months. A fine day, a fine ship, a fine skipper, a fine itinerary, and a fine crew, altogether an ideal combination.

As the zero hour approached, one could not but look over the *Chester's* glistening white decks, towering, forbidding, business-like tripod masts, and glittering guns, and think: "She stands erect in the northeast corner of her homeland facing the east, the youngest warship of a mighty Fleet. Loyalty, manliness, might, hand in hand from stem to stern. May she always stand thus erect and unabashed before the eyes of the powers of the earth!"

At 9:22 A. M. the *Chester* left Newport, passed as though in review of a fleet assembled there, and then stood resolutely to sea, with Barcelona, Spain, 4,000 land miles away, her first port of call.

On the whole, the voyage across the Atlantic was ideal, with only a few incidents to chronicle.

Considerable time was taken up in emer-

gency drills, such as fire, fire and rescue, collision, and abandon ship. The new crew snapped into business form with a good will prophetic of a successful ship's organization bidding fair to be heard from most favorably in the future.

The ship behaved beautifully for a brand new vessel, and no trouble developed with machinery, such as might be expected.

Radio contact was maintained with the Navy Department in Washington, while in addition, the *Chester* acted as relay for many messages passing to and from the cruiser *Northampton,* itself on a shakedown cruise, at Villa Franche, Venice, and Bizerta, Tunis. Coast Guard vessels off Newfoundland were also worked direct by radio.

Medical Advice via Radio

The *Chester* performed an act of mercy via wireless during the night of Sunday, August 17. A sailor was dangerously ill on board a lone freighter, the S. S. *Koranton,* which had no doctor, and that ship asked the S. S. *Marthara,* many miles distant, for medical advice. The latter vessel, too, had no physician; but she relayed the appeal to the *Chester* by means of a message giving the symptoms of the sufferer's ailment. Dr. Goss immediately diagnosed the case, and a message was sent to the *Koranton* telling just what attention should be given the patient.

A Man Lost at Sea

Gloom overcast the ship August 19th when it became known that Harold C. Kirby, Seaman 2nd class, was missing. Thorough search proved that he was no longer present, and must have been lost overboard.

From the day its keel was laid until the day Kirby disappeared at sea, no other man connected with the ship, Naval or civilian, had been killed by accident. One sailor, A. Solury, Seaman 1st class, had been waylaid and beaten to death one night in Camden, a month before the ship went into commission.

Chief Watertender Thomas Moran, Jr., Comes Ashore in Spain

Visitors Leaving the Ship at Barcelona

CHAPTER 6

BARCELONA

The first lights of Europe were sighted during Saturday night, August 23, and at sunrise the coast of Spain was close to port, with the bleak shores of Algeria to starboard. This was the Straits of Gibraltar. All hands were on the qui vive.

At 5:22 P. M. announcement was broadcast through the ship's network of eighty-seven loud speakers: "Ah—hear this! The Rock of Gibraltar is in sight on the port bow."

Kodaks of every size sprang into action as by magic, even though the famous fortress was yet enveloped in a light mist some miles ahead. It was abeam at six o'clock. By seven o'clock it had passed into memory until the ship returned in October, while the crew waxed busy preparing for Barcelona liberties, so soon to be theirs.

Early in the morning of Monday, August 25, the cruiser *Chester* approached her first objective. It was rather misty, but far ahead could be discerned the outlines of a city. Gradually these outlines took distinct forms, and at last, exactly on time, that is, at 8 o'clock, the anchor sped forth to grip the ship for a week before one

of the grandest cities on the globe, Barcelona, Spain.

Neither visitor nor guest remembered the war of 1898. Yankees were just as welcome in Barcelona homes as they were five years before in Australia, and that is saying a great deal.

There remained, of course, the difficulty of making one's self understood, there apparently being fewer inhabitants speaking English in Barcelona than is the case in most other European ports, possibly because comparatively few English speaking tourists stop there, although German and French travelers abound.

It would seem that a visit to Barcelona should be included in the itinerary of the American tourist, by all means. The *Chester's* men found in it an entrancing city, as modern where needful as any in Europe and as mysterious and alluring in its medieval bypaths.

Prices of entertainments, commodities, merchandise and transportation are extremely reasonable in this city. There is a noticeable paucity of street beggars, and honesty reigns where least to be expected. Taxicab drivers positively refuse tips, and in restaurants the waiter's largess is included in the bill at a fixed percent.

One walking up a street in Barcelona is struck by the fact that its citizens endeavor to enjoy living. It is pleasant to see them grouped about little round tables under sidewalk awn-

ings, sipping their wine and watching the passing crowd. The broad sidewalks of the boulevards of Paris are not in evidence in Barcelona, where they are rather narrow; but this is overcome by spacious parkways flanked by trees down the centers of the principal streets. Under these trees are benches and chairs which are rented for a tiny sum. This recalls an interesting point which finds its counterpart in Naples also, that is, that practically nothing is free in Barcelona. There is always some sort of a price or tax, even if but a small fraction of a cent.

Notwithstanding a multiplicity of cabarets, wine shops, and restaurants where liquor is served, Barcelona seemed especially free from intoxicated persons. It is probable that the native dilutes his wine with water, as in France, and drinks very slowly.

The *Chester's* bluejackets did not "turn to" and drink in excess, as might have been expected they would. Their conduct was exemplary. No arrests were made by the Spanish police and not one sailor was overtime when the sailing hour approached. The crew was given all-night liberty.

Postage stamps are not for sale at the Post Office in Barcelona. They are obtained in cigar stores where letters and post cards are also posted. America's time honored institution, the corner mail box, is, in Barcelona, nestled beside the front door, inside of the tobacco shop.

Liberty Party, Barcelona
A Busy Harbor in Barcelona

Description of the City

Standing on the shores of Catalonia, which is the name given to a section of northeastern Spain, on a sloping plain backed by picturesque hills, Barcelona, the largest and by far the most modern city in Spain, is one of the principal ports on the Mediterranean. It has a population of approximately 900,000 persons.

Through the heart of the city, occupying the site of the ancient city wall, stretches the famed "Rambla," a wide, tree-lined avenue, a promenaders' haven of bliss and window-shopping paradise, where Greek meets Greek, East jostles West, and all are friendly and contented. By day and night it is filled with animated crowds garnered from all parts of the world who weave up and down beneath the trees, pausing at sidewalk cafes, clubs, theatres and shops that closely line this gay thoroughfare. Here are the flower-sellers' booths, the bird market where yellow songsters from the Canary Islands and bright colored birds of the tropics are displayed to tempt the passers-by. Itinerant musicians with violin and guitar, vendors of lottery tickets, and that sailors' white elephant, the post card sellers, swarm, seethe and strut about; but they legitimately sell their wares and do no begging.

Spanish Lotteries

A word about lotteries. These are operated by the Spanish government, as they are by the governments in Brazil, Panama and many other countries. There are frequent drawings where prizes are in moderate amounts; but there is one drawing each year, at Christmas time, the fame of which is world wide. The capital prize is fifteen million pesetas, which is $2,895,000 under normal conditions in the foreign exchange market. There are 35,000 whole tickets, priced at 2,000 pesetas each. These whole tickets are divisible into twentieths, which are sold at 100 pesetas each. In all there are 4,948 cash prizes, with a total cash value of 48,412,000 pesetas—a lot of pesetas.

Money

Under a strict gold standard, the Spanish peseta is worth approximately nineteen and one-third cents in United States currency. At the time of the *Chester's* visit, however, they sold at the rate of nine for a dollar.

Monument to Columbus

Among the noteworthy sights in Barcelona is a gigantic monument to Christopher Columbus, close to the foot of which our liberty boats discharged their scurrying, happy bluejackets. This

monument required six years to build. Eight large cast iron lions stand forth menacingly at its base. Other reliefs describe the different episodes in the life of the immortal sailor. The central column is of cast iron, upon the top of which is a large golden globe. Standing upon this globe is the statue. This statue weighs 26,400 pounds. An elevator takes sightseers up to the base of the statue, from where a striking view may be had of the city.

International Exposition

The International Exposition of Barcelona, which had been in successful operation a year, was a dominant attraction for the American tars. It was especially beautiful at night, because of its blazing kaleidoscopic electrical displays on such an enormous scale that they could be plainly seen from the decks of the *Chester,* five or six miles away.

Old Sections of Barcelona

Sprouting to either side of the broad, main arteries of Barcelona are the narrow crooked streets of olden times, the whole atmosphere and aspect changing in a twinkling from ultra-modern to ancient with the turning of a corner. So unostensive and narrow are these streets where they join their big brothers, they resemble the en-

trances to arcades back home, and are easily passed unnoticed. But when once entered, they widen a trifle, revealing the life of Barcelona's "other half" and a spell envelops one. You are glad that you are there. Weeks might be profitably spent in these old sections, with new thrills ever gripping you, not the least of which is beholding a family wash line stretched across the street between second and third stories. One, too, begins to think that garlic is the national perfume of Spain.

Back of Barcelona and up in the hills overlooking it, are the estates of the wealthy classes. There one sees princely homes snuggled in landscapes inexpressibly majestic. There are are no signs, "Keep off the grass," or "Beware the dog." America's sailors were welcome and many of them were entertained in these private homes. They wanted us to bask in their delights. There was neither a guide lisping "Giff me one American cigarette," nor a servant croaking "Giff me one teep."

It is said that on clear days one may see the mountain tops of the Balearic Islands, Majorca and Minorca, a hundred miles distant, from the verandas of Tibidabo, that hill of magnificence whereupon the affluent Dons of Catalonia cast their watchful eyes down upon the great city below them, or, with telescope, count eighty villages afar.

There are a number of worthy excursions by tramcar and motor coach available at very reasonable rates to visitors in Barcelona. One of these, very interesting, is to the Monastery of Montserrat. A second takes one through the city proper. The itinerary of the latter encompasses the Avenue Alfonso XIII, which is close to 220 feet wide, passing the magnificent palace which the city built for the royal family.

Bull Fights

No true tourist fails to take in the national sport of Spain. Barcelona supports two mammoth bull rings where bull fights occur every Saturday and Sunday, a peculiarity being that the exhibitions are at night under the glare of huge electric lights. During the *Chester's* stay there was one bull "fight" that will be remembered mirthfully. The "victim" had possibly been peeping while several of his less thoughtful brethren were being killed, and decided he wanted to live some more. When his turn came he positively refused to do combat. No amount of red colors, jabbing, or derisive epithets hurled his way by twenty thousand exasperated spectators moved him in his high resolve to be a nice, docile bull. Finally they tried to shoo him back into his stall. No, he wouldn't do that either. He liked the bright lights, the giddy music and

even the tumultuous hooting. Finally, out came two bulls twice his size, trained for the purpose of retrieving just such recalcitrants as he. These two big fellows nosed up to Sitting Bull, as one sailor had dubbed him, and then nosed him out of the arena. He knew better than to lock horns with such gladiators of his own breed.

As a rule, however, the bulls became duly exasperated as per schedule, fought like Trojans, and died at the proper time, though often one of them would engage a two-legged toreador in a "leaping Lena" contest. The average bull fighter can clear a high fence on the run with a neatness that might well be envied by aspirants for running high jump records. Sometimes the bull gives the hasty toreador a lusty boost at the right moment. But bull fighting is not a sport to Americans, since the animal has not a chance for his life. As sure as he enters the ring, a few hours later his steaks will be for sale in a neighboring meat market alongside of sausages made from the horse he perhaps had killed during the contest.

Catamarans

The small boats of every maritime nation differ somewhat in design and rigging from those of other nations. In Spain a popular craft is a species of catamaran such as any American

(1) Solid comfort in Spain. (2) Catamarans on the beach at Barcelona. (3) Administration Building, International Exposition, Barcelona. (4) Columbus monument, Barcelona; scene along lower end of the Rambla. (5) In beautiful Barcelona.

boy might build with a few boards, nails, saw and hammer.

One of these queer little rigs consists of two wooden pontoons about eight to ten feet long, held rigidly about two and one-half feet apart by three fairly wide planks nailed to their decks. Each pontoon is hollow, being merely watertight boxes measuring one foot across the top at the center, tapering to three inches at the ends, while the sides are about nine inches deep at the center, tapering to a little over three inches at the ends, which are sealed with blocks of wood.

The boatman (there are sometimes two or three) wears a bathing suit, sits on the cross board between the pontoons, or he may stand erect. They prefer standing, and row with a very long pole having a blade at each end.

These are popular craft for young men and women and are extremely easy to handle. The *Chester* was surrounded by them much of the time while at Barcelona. They ought to be admirable little craft for inland lakes and rivers in the United States. They must be exclusively Catalonian, since no others were seen at Naples, Constantinople or Piraeus.

Social Activity

There were the usual rounds of official calls and luncheons. In addition, the mayor and American consul each gave luncheons, while the

(1) Chester liberty party going ashore at Barcelona. (2) A happy hour in Barcelona. (3) More Barcelona statues. (4) On the Rambla, Barcelona's famous promenade. (5) Jack meets a stoney lady in a Barcelona park. (6) A Barcelona street scene. (7) At the International Exposition, Barcelona. (8) Lighthouse and restaurant at end of mile long breakwater, Barcelona, entrance to the inner harbor.

wardroom officers held a tea dance on board to which three hundred invitations were issued to Spanish officials and residents. The president of the Provincial Assembly invited all ship officers to inspect the Provincial Assembly building, which was accepted by twenty-one officers.

Baseball and Golf

There is a very good baseball team in Barcelona, and the *Chester's* team had no easy sledding to defeat them by a score of 15 to 4. There was also a golf match between ship officers and members of the Barcelona Golf Club.

Salutes

There were three salutes fired by the *Chester* at Barcelona, one a national salute of twenty-one guns, one to the military governor of fifteen guns, and a third to the American Consul of seven guns.

By Air to Naples

There is a line of large, superbly appointed passenger airplanes making bi-weekly trips between Barcelona and Naples via Marseilles and Genoa. It is stated that during its several years of operation this line has never suffered a casuality.

Captain Fairfield and Officers of the Chester with American Consul and other Consular officials at Barcelona

Seaplane Flights

At Barcelona, Lieutenant Griffin and John Grant, AMM 1c, made a catapult flight in a seaplane, and Lieutenants Griffin and Jensen made flights from the surface.

Fine Treatment

A division of American warships visited Barcelona in 1929. Its report was that contacts with Spanish officials and people in Barcelona was somewhat difficult to establish during the earlier part of the visit, believed due to reticence on their part rather than to any unfriendliness.

The writer neither noticed nor heard of any sign of reticence or unfriendliness toward the crew of the *Chester*. Here all were treated in a most gentlemanly manner and stories of honest dealings were rife that might well shame some of our business activities in the States.

Every effort was put forth by Spanish officials and citizens to make the visit of the cruiser *Chester* a happy one.

The city government arranged for a special display of lighting at the exposition grounds on one evening. It is doubtful that this electrical display has ever been excelled anywhere.

That Duel With Swords

Radioman George Boley looked much more than pleased when he appeared on deck at dawn the day following the ship's departure from Barcelona. Well he might, for his Yankee foresight had saved him a mighty embarrassing meeting with a skilled and nervous Spanish swordsman on the field of honor scheduled that very day at sunrise.

Boley, who had made a last liberty in Barcelona, was rambling down the Rambla toward the boat landing, loaded with packages. So intent was he upon his ramble, he rambled head-on into a portly Don. After Boley had straightened out his dislodged packages, he and the haughty one swapped a few emphatic ideas on the subject of their collision which neither was disposed to accept as payment in full for the above account, although Boley was willing to arbitrate.

The one whose ancestral pride had been thus ruffled hailed a passing friend and explained the situation in pure, hasty Castilian. Then, turning neatly as though on parade, he strutted off, swinging a gold-handled cane with one hand and carefully stroking his William II mustache and Louis XIV goatee with the other.

The other Spanish gentleman, who remained on the scene, swept the pavement with his hat in a lordly bow, handed Boley an embossed

calling card and explained brokenly that he was to act as second for the injured one who demanded satisfaction at dawn the next morning. Would Senor Americano choose swords?

Now this sailor had seen swords, plenty of them during Saturday inspections and sundry other times, but he had never handled one. However, quick as a flash he remembered that since the *Chester* was to sail within a few hours, he would be a couple of hundred miles away by dawn, so he waxed bold:

Sure Mike, he would accept swords, and most gladly meet the gentleman at dawn. He would come in on a special boat. So the matter was settled. Boley rambled on down the Rambla some more.

The red glow of sunrise looked good to Boley. There was no sign of Barcelona astern, and his eyes twinkled merrily while he made a few nifty feints and facetious passes with a finger for a sword, by way of showing what might have happened.

Enroute to Naples, Italy

Reluctantly, the U. S. S. *Chester* left Barcelona, Spain, for Naples, Italy, at 9:15 P. M., Sunday, August 31, 1930, after one of the most delightful visits ever made by a United States ship of war to any foreign port.

The trip to Naples was uneventful other than

the interest aroused about 4 P. M., September 1, when the ship passed between the French island of Corsica, made renown by Napoleon Bonaparte having been born there, and the Italian island of Sardinia.

That night there were two singular events. The ship, making good time over a perfect sea, had to suddenly swerve to one side to avoid colliding with a trading schooner ahead that had been running without lights. Shortly afterwards those on deck were startled by a huge pillar of fire which seemed to leap skyward from the sea, many miles astern. The theory is that this marked an eruption of one of the many volcanoes in this section of the world. It reoccurred intermittently with decreasing intensity for about half an hour, and then ceased.

Tuesday, at 3 P. M., September 2, anchor went over, and the good ship *Chester* rode before Naples, Italy, that mecca of all tourdom, if that manufactured expression may be correctly used.

Bay of Naples
(Pompeii is on opposite side of Vesuvius)

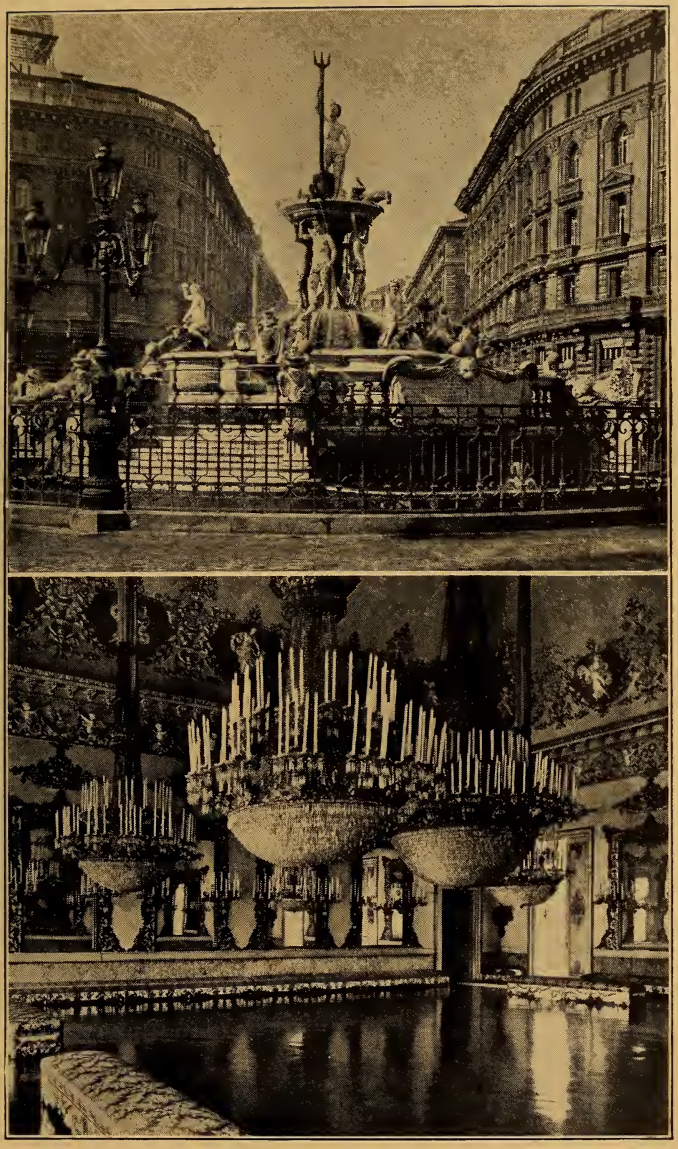
CHAPTER 7

NAPLES

Naples is the most populous city of Italy, its population being about 925,000 persons. It ranks next to Genoa as Italy's most important seaport. The city is a provincial capital, has an old university and is the seat of an archbishopric, an army corps, a naval detachment and other government works. Further than this deponent sweareth not as to the attractions and attractiveness of the city. But extensive building plans are in progress of being fulfilled and large areas of narrow, unclean quarters of the city are being torn down and replaced by broad, hygienic, airy streets, and in time Naples may become a model city of the Old World.

Brief History

The Phoenicians are thought to have established a trading settlement on the site of Naples. Then came the Greeks, who named it Parthenope. A new section sprang up next to the old in the sixth century B. C., and it was called Neapolis. Being now full fledged, it reached out and swept Capri, Ischia and Cumae into its fold. Then ensued several centuries of what might be



Neapolitan Fountain

Ball Room, King's Palace, Naples

termed breathless prosperity, for the Roman war lords were training their relentless eaglets to go forth and build their nests afar o'er the world, and the world trembled.

Finally the Romans gobbled up Naples, the Greek language disappeared and Latin took its place.

But Naples was never free from strife for any great length of time. It changed hands in the year 410 A. D., in 456, in 536, in 543, in 555 (Byzantine). Naples shook off foreign yokes for a time and tried a few dukes of its own choice, who maintained their independence against the Lombards until Roger II, of Norway, took a turn at the wheel in 1130, followed by the Hohenstaufens in 1194. Charles of Anjou made Naples his capital in 1268.

Leaving out a few more changes we drop down the list to 1738 when the city passed to Don Carlos of Spain, followed by his son Ferdinand IV. The latter was expelled, bag and baggage, by the people and a republic proclaimed in 1799. Then Murat tried a hand in the game. Ferdinand, evidently a brute for punishment, tackled his old job again in 1820, but Francis I wanted it. Then Ferdinand II, followed by Francis II, who walked up the steps in 1859 and walked down them a year later, whereupon Victor Emanuel II was proclaimed King of Italy. He was succeeded in 1878 by

Humbert I, and the present king, Victor Emanuel III, came into power in 1900. The people apparently like their present king and they particularly adore his son, Prince Humbert, who recently married the daughter of King Albert of Belgium.

A Fisherman of Naples

This has been a recitation of almost continual warfare, both external and internal, and that Italy has lived through it, speaks well for the courage and tenacity of the Italian race.

The American Express Company

Each morning while the ship was at Naples representatives of the American Express Company came on board to set up a money exchange for the benefit of the crew and to dispense information and literature concerning points of interest. Their advice was invariably reliable and duly appreciated. At Barcelona, Constanti-

nople and Athens, it was the same. Wherever you go, it seems, over this great planet of ours, there is always present an American Express office, a Ford Motor plant and a Singer Sewing Machine store.

Money Standard

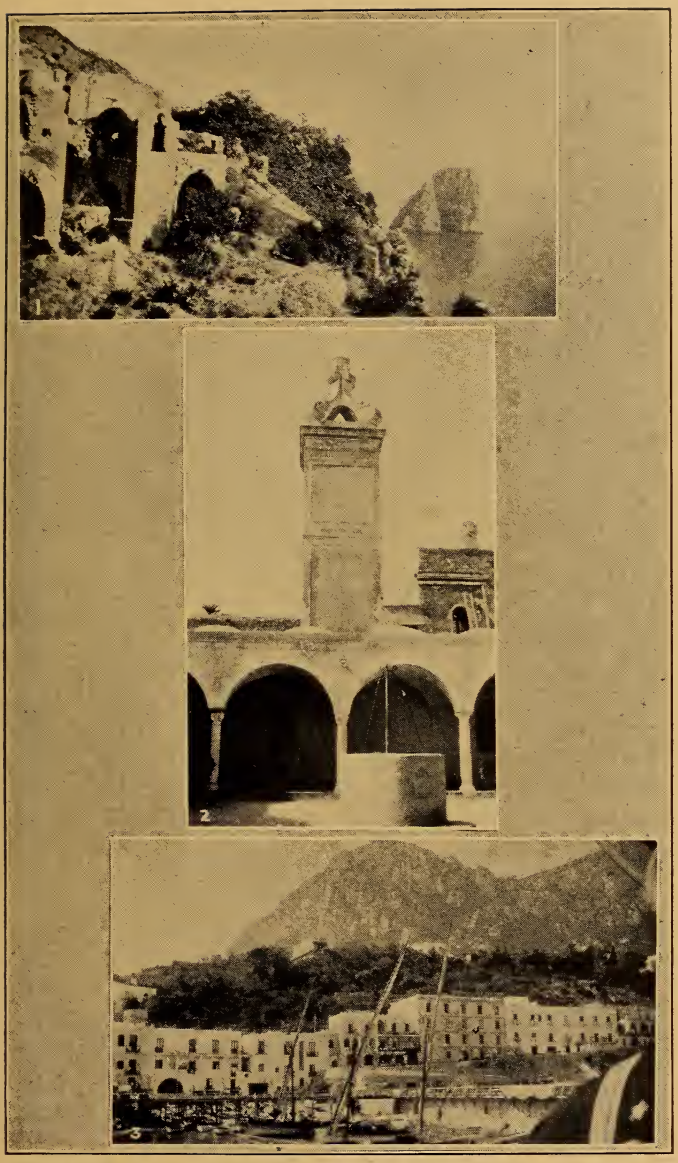
The standard money of Italy is the lira, normally worth 19 1/3 cents. At this time, however, they were only bringing a shade over five cents and nineteen of them were given for a dollar bill. This does not signify much; they might as well have been at par, for the prices of all things are increased in proportion to the monetary depression, especially when foreigners are dealt with.

American sailors are not easy to fool on money, and master foreign currencies quickly.

Castel Nuovo

Two blocks from the boat landing stands Castel Nuovo, of feudal days. It was planned and constructed by French architects in 1279-1285 for Charles I of Anjou. French architects in those days excelled all others in planning castles, although in southern Italy there are a very few such complicated buildings which were planned by Italians.

The Castel Nuovo was used as a residence by the kings of the houses of Anjou and Aragon



(1) Remains of old Monastery on Island of Capri. (2) Bell tower, old Monastery, Capri. (3) City of Capri, Italy, a famous tourist resort.

Castle Nuovo at Naples

and the Spanish viceroys down to Don Pedro de Toledo.

Before entering the courtyard the driveway passes underneath the remains of a triumphal arch erected in 1470 by Ferdinand I. The main entrance is between two large circular stone towers, and over the main doorway is a bronze relief of exquisite handiwork.

The castle itself covers approximately one good sized city square. Within it is a courtyard. To one end of this court is a church, Santa Barbara, mainly used in former times by the family in power. Here is the tomb of Alphonso I.

Torture Chamber

To the right of the altar is a spiral staircase made of lava slabs. This staircase leads to the torture chambers of the Spanish Inquisition, containing to this day the remains of a general, a cardinal and a princess. Their stone coffins are fitted with glass covers through which may be seen the bodies of the men who had been strangled, and the severed head of the princess beside her skeleton. The cardinal's body is best preserved, the face retaining vividly a terrorized expression of frightful pain and anguish assumed during his torture.

From an opening in the wall beside the same stairway is a perpendicular chute through

which bodies of prisoners, both living and dead are said to have been thrust, like so many bundles of laundry, falling into a pit far below, beyond all human aid.

A force of workmen is clearing the castle, while artists are restoring its many fine paintings, reliefs, frescoes and portals, so that some day it will be again fit as a residence of kings.

The Fete of Piedigrotta

Sunday, September 7, was a red letter day for all Neapolitans. That date each year is dear to their hearts, marking the traditional Fete of Piedigrotta. This year the *Chester's* men fell in line with the frolic and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

It is one of the singular displays of national character and costume still existing, being similar to the Mardi Gras at New Orleans.

This day of celebration was instituted by King Charles III of Bourbon in 1744, and although now shorn of royal pomp and significance, it is well worth witnessing as one of the remaining typical popular play days, rapidly disappearing. The fete proper begins at seven o'clock in the evening. In all of the chief city squares there are vocal and instrumental concerts, and the latest Neapolitan song hits are presented to the public. The Gardens of the

Wash Day in Naples

Street of Stone Steps, Old Naples

Villa and all streets adjacent to the famous Sanctuary of the Madonna of Piedigrotta are fantastically illuminated. At eight o'clock a great procession of decorated cars, floats, and a cavalcade representing historical and traditional scenes forms in Via Foria and proceeds through the chief streets to the Church of Piedigrotta. Even if one's ears are deafened by the blowing of tin horns, shrill squealers and the sound of ten thousand voices, it is worth losing a few hours sleep over to take part in this whole-hearted, child-like rejoicing of the people.

In days when the Fete of Piedigrotta was a royal official festival, the king would repair in full state regalia to the sanctuary, passing along the Riviera between two solid lines of soldiers, while the fleet in the bay fired salvos. The last of these royal processions took place in 1860.

Italian Superstitions

Not so many centuries ago the people of Italy were intensely superstitious. They thought of Virgil less as a great poet than mighty magician, and many legends are woven around his name. To him was attributed the building of the walls around Naples, and the placing of a bottle containing a model of the city to insure the walls remaining intact. Even up to the fourteenth century a bronze horse, embued by Virgil with

the power of healing sick animals stood outside the cathedral. There was a bronze fly which protected Naples from flies, a butcher's block that kept meat fresh for weeks, and a bronze archer with an arrow pointing toward Vesuvius, which was to prevent volcanic eruptions.

Now Virgil rests in a simple tomb on the slopes of Posillipo, near Naples, and the bronze horse, the fly and the archer are no more.

On Neapolitan Streets

One of the popular guide books to Naples has this to say: "It is a sad fact that in the past Naples bore, not undeservedly, a bad name for dirt, squalor, disorder and dishonesty. Now there is no longer a nightmare of confusion, noise and importunate touters. Beggars, once the plague of Naples, have now practically disappeared. Visitors importuned by any of the remaining few, or by street vendors, touts, etc., need only sign to the nearest policeman and the importunate one will be sent immediately to the rightabout."

If the above is true, we may thank our lucky stars that we made the visit to Naples during the present age, for it must have been a bedlam indeed in the past. The *Chester* perhaps looked particularly inviting to Neapolitan street vendors of post cards, cheap cigarette holders, cheaper

knives and watches, and cheapest of everything else under the sun that may be carted around, for they, squads of self-styled guides, salesmen, and battalions of tattered beggars were milling about, as sticky as gum arabic. Here "Giff me one American cigarette" re-echoed like a national anthem, or anon like a monotonous chant in a monastery of old. It could be interrupted by calling a Fascist policeman, just as the guide-book says, but a minute afterward another crowd of these human nuisances would gather and another cop would have to be called, and so on until "liberty" expired.

There is no fixed price for merchandise in Naples, the first price asked being usually about twice or three times the amount finally acceptable. This holds good as to Constantinople also, but to a lesser degree.

It is to Rome, Vesuvius and Pompeii that Naples owes its ability to exist as a tourist centre, because it is the natural approach to those great places of interest from the sea.

Guides and Tours

Representatives of several tourist agencies were on board ship daily explaining their favorite one-, two- and three-day excursions and single trips. But as to seeing Naples itself, many preferred dispensing with guides, as everything

worth seeing was easily found. Space prevents our describing points of interest extensively.

There are tourist agencies, legitimate guides and the like galore in Naples, almost all of which are entirely dependable, although it is advisable to strike a bargain before hiring such services. Several tourist organizations went to considerable trouble and expense to print special rate sheets for the benefit of the men of the *Chester*. Parties of five and six took in Pompeii and Vesuvius, with dinner, guide and automobile, for the modest price of $4.50 for each person.

Entertainments

There was much entertaining at Naples. The American Consul gave ship officers a luncheon on two occasions. Admiral Nicastro, commandant of the Naval Station, gave a ball in honor of the officers of both the U. S. S. *Chester* and the British battleship H. M. S. *Revenge*, which was in the harbor at the time. The captain of the *Revenge* entertained Captain Fairfield and Commander Abbett at dinner. The wardroom officers of the *Revenge* entertained nine of the *Chester's* officers at luncheon. The local tennis club extended its courtesies to officers of the ship. Captain Fairfield gave a luncheon to Admiral Nicastro and other Italian officers, and finally the *Chester* gave a dance on board to

which two hundred invitations were issued to officials and residents of Naples and officers of the *Revenge*.

Crew's Good Record

The crew of the *Chester* was on its good behavior at this port. Only one man was overtime, forty-five minutes, due probably, to being unfamiliar with the city's tortuous streets.

Salutes

Nine salutes were fired at this port. One was a national salute of twenty-one guns; one to the Duke d'Aosta, twenty-one guns. There were three of seventeen guns each, to the Italian Vice-Admiral, Italian High Commissioner, and the Italian Port Commissioner; two of fifteen guns each, to the Vice-Admiral H. M. S. *Revenge* and the Italian Lieutenant-General; one of thirteen guns to an Italian General, and one of eleven guns to the American Consul General.

The Seaplanes

Lieutenant Johnson and Brinkley, AP 1c, made a catapult seaplane flight at Naples, while surface flights were also made by Barron Sherrill, ACOM, and Eric Whitman, CAP, and by Thaddeus Boyle, AP 1c, and Russell Heffner, AOM 2c.

CASTLE ST. ELMO (1329)
Now a military prison; Monastery San Martino (1325) above. King's Palace, foreground. Naples.

Death of Vice-Consul Robinson

The American Vice-Consul, J. R. Robinson, fell from a balcony and died as the result of a broken neck on the morning of the *Chester's* arrival at Naples. He was well beloved in diplomatic circles, and his untimely demise caused a curtailment of several scheduled social events in connection with the cruiser's presence.

A Five-Day Furlough in Italy

Several members of the crew of the *Chester* who are of foreign parentage had looked forward for many months to visiting their relatives "over there." We have here the story told by Michael D. Apisa, Radioman 3rd class, of a five days' furlough at his aunt's home about seventy miles from Naples, a furlough that, in the offing, looked all the more attractive because his parents, who live in New York, happened to be vacationing there also.

Upon arriving in Naples, said Apisa, I had the good fortune to know that my parents were still in Italy on their three months' vacation. I was granted five days' leave, and took myself off to this little villa of my ancestors.

After five hours of strenuous driving through mountains and valleys and much delay in places

where the road was too narrow for two vehicles to pass, I arrived at my aunt's place, tired, hungry, and sadly in need of a bath.

When the usual ceremonies were over, such as those given to newcomers, I began to take my bearings on the old place. The home, if you can call it a home, was not unlike all the others I saw in the neighborhood. It was built of clay, on a foundation of rock. There were just two rooms, one on a level with the ground and another above it. The lower apartment served as parlor, sitting room, dining room and bed room. Chow was served on a dingy old table that was probably made long before Columbus knew navigation.

After my hunger had been appeased I wished to take a bath. When I asked for a tub and water they laughed at me, saying that to take a bath would mean that I was ready to leave this world.

Then I asked them if I could have some warm water to shave with. My aunt said that I could if I fetched my own water from a well about half a mile distant. I soon had the water, and then as I wished it to be warm, I had to ask them where the stove was so that I could heat it. "Stove?" my aunt inquired, "what do you mean by stove?" And so after my mother explained to her the meaning of the word stove, and the different kinds of stoves, she said that

they were luxuries she had never heard of. Finally, I had to content myself with a tiny fire out in front of the house. First I had to find some dry brush to start the fire with, and then I set my pan of water on a three-legged iron stool.

I was soon to find out that all of their cooking was done out in the yard in the same manner. If they had rain, there was no cooking, but they ate corn bread and cheese, or anything that would keep them on their feet. Believe me, I prayed for a continued drought while I was there.

It became dark and with none of the luxuries of electric lights, we rested out in the open air with the moon as a lantern. It was very hard for me to accustom myself to talking to someone in the dark, not knowing whether they were asleep or listening.

I retired that night on a mattress made of corn stalks, under sheets made of hemp, and with pillows stuffed with chopped-up corn stalks. And all through the night I had silent but savage company—droves of 'em.

Whoever said that we have early morning reveille on the *Chester* is wrong, all wrong. The family were up at three o'clock. Naturally, they thought it would be a shame to let me go on sleeping and miss the fine, fresh, morning breeze. I arose as good-naturedly as possible and prepared to have my folks show me the village.

I judge that we had walked five miles when

suddenly my mother said, "This is the city." I looked around and could see nothing but dilapidated shacks. Pigs were roaming everywhere through the streets and in and out of buildings, right at home amongst humans. Of course I was the center of attraction in my sailor uniform. Everywhere people would stop and ask my mother who I was and whether I was a royal guard of the king.

Young girls, between sixteen and twenty years of age, work there harder than the average day laborer in the States. Mother introduced me to one of them, and as I shook her hand it seemed a piece of iron, like the hand of a blacksmith. The women—and men, too—work from early morning to sundown, and if the moon is bright they work far into the night for their winter supply of corn, wheat and other staple foods.

We finally came to a place that seemed deserted and so dilapidated that an earthquake must have had a hand in its destruction. Cows and pigs were installed there. In one of the rooms my mother said, "Here, son, is where I was born." I have come to the conclusion that our razorback hogs back in the United States have much better homes than the country folks in Italy have or ever will have.

My mother seemed to know everybody, and of course, they all extended us their hospitality, and when we accepted we would find ourselves

eating amongst pigs, which are given every liberty to roam where they wished. Occasionally one would brush against my pant legs. Sometimes a cow would walk in and no attempts to chase it out would be made. I ate only when hunger got the upper hand of me.

And Apisa was glad to get back on board ship. He has a concrete idea now that the good old U. S. A. is not half bad after all.

CHAPTER 8

POMPEII AND VESUVIUS

While there is an excellent electric railway connecting Naples with Pompeii, the writer chose to undergo the snail's pace and agonizing bumps of a one-horse carriage for the journey, the better to observe things. This rough and rugged road follows the bay shore and is lined with homes and shops for fully three-quarters of the twenty miles. It passes at one place a military barracks that is at least two city blocks long. At another point it passes a private shipyard where two fair sized steamers were in course of construction at the time, and as Pompeii is approached many elegant residences stud fine estates to either side. Then comes a stretch of road that is sparsely settled, as though fear still lurks of the vast sepulchre made by the hand of a stern, unyielding nature twenty centuries ago, now close at hand. And mighty Vesuvius, rising out of the plain to the left, like Stromboli out of the sea, is but a few miles distant. It smokes, it spits fire, it grumbles discontentedly.

A two-story restaurant is reached, then a hotel, peopled under spacious verandas by tired, dusty guests eating their lunch and sipping drinks before returning to the city. A clump of

scraggly trees to the left, with an opening through which an unpretentious path leads. Twenty-two guides meet you. You select one who speaks English. The path winds in among trees to the right and then abruptly there are no trees. You look down upon ruins of a city spreading before you as far as eye can reach, a silent city, a city dead—a city of the dead.

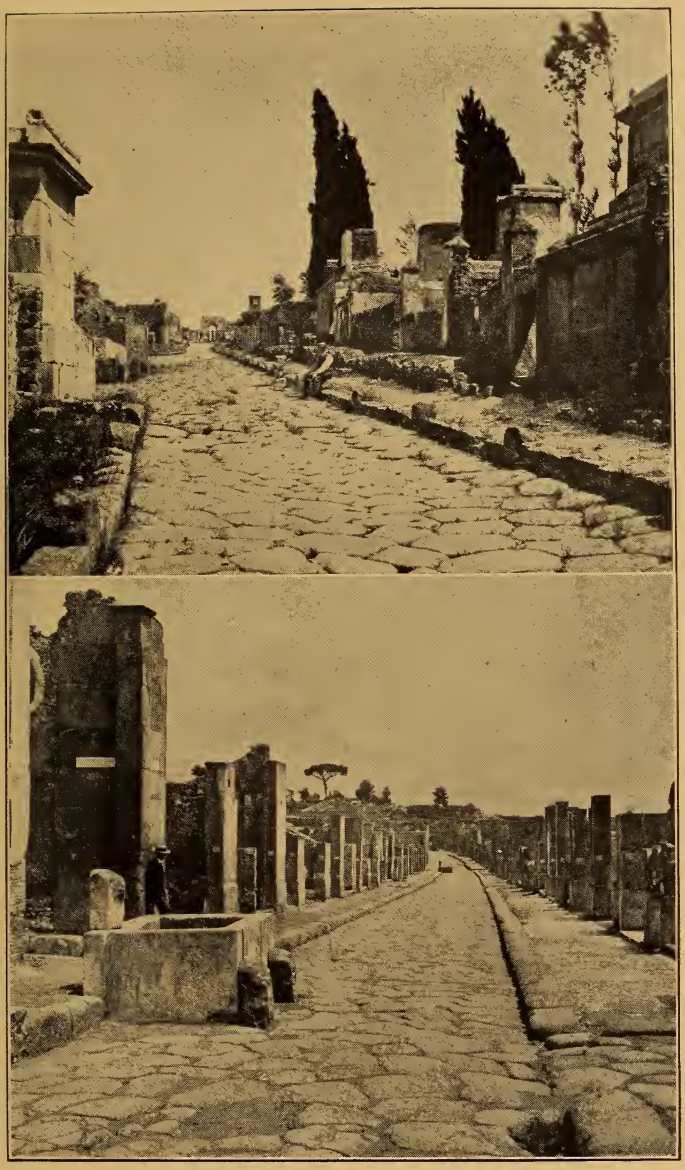
A small museum first. Its first exhibit is its most famous—the plaster cast of a poor dog, that, held inexorably by its chain, is all crippled and convulsed. You realize how the people died; they, too, all crippled and convulsed.

What Happened at Pompeii

Pompeii, dating from the fifth or sixth century B. C., which had adopted Greek culture, lay close to the sea, its harbor a busy one, its twenty thousand inhabitants happy, for was not Venus their tutelary deity? Roman nobles resided there, although not in such numbers as at Herculaneum, a neighboring city which was destroyed at the same time.

In 63 A. D. a terrible earthquake occurred which destroyed many buildings in Pompeii. Many of these had just been rebuilt when the catastrophe of August 24 of the year 79 A. D. occurred.

For thirty-six hours Vesuvius, or more prop-



Street of the Tombs, Pompeii

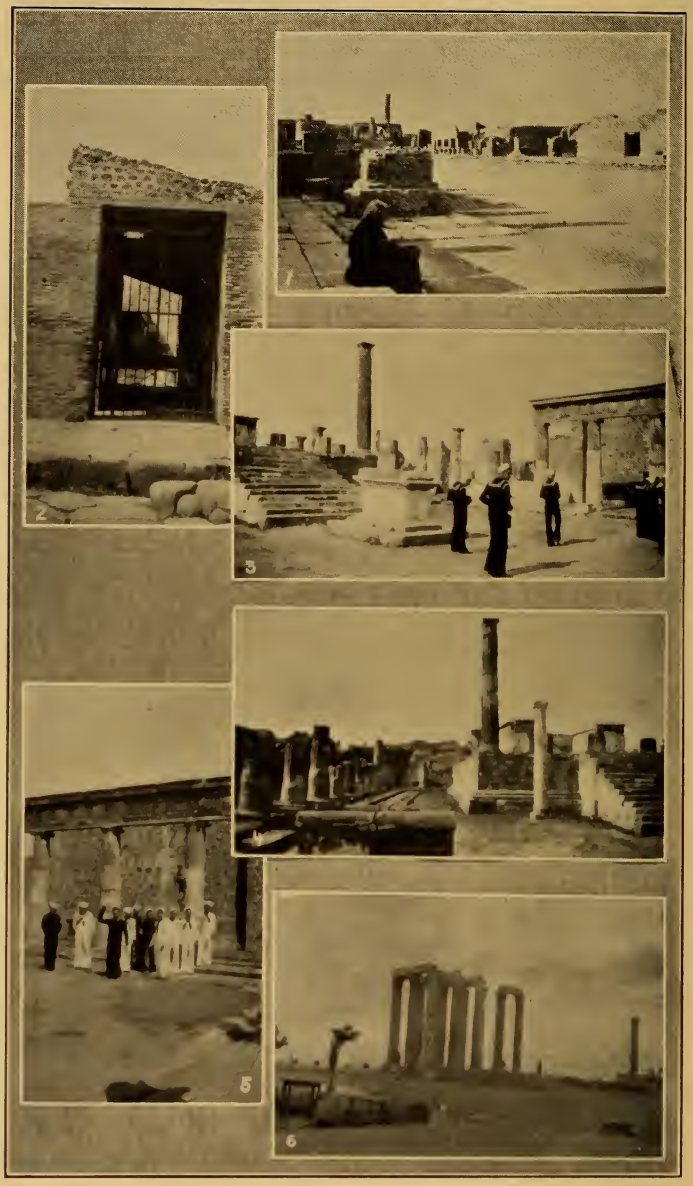
Street of Abundance, Pompeii

erly that second cone of Vesuvius called Mount Somma (it was the first-named cone that overwhelmed Herculaneum), poured down upon the town a torrential rain of pumice stones which covered the ground to the depth of thirteen to fourteen feet. This was followed by a rain of ashes and boiling water which formed into a mass, covering the earth with a layer several yards thick. Nearly five thousand persons perished. The survivors returned soon after and rescued the most valuable things from the ruined houses and public buildings. Then Pompeii was forgotten until 1594, when its site was discovered by a Neapolitan architect who was surveying a route for a canal. The excavations were begun in 1748 and still progress, a large part of the city being as yet untouched.

Until recently it was the policy to remove objects found to museums and to leave the ruined buildings practically bare; but now everything is restored as far as possible and left in the places where found. In this way a much more lucid idea of old Pompeii and its people is obtained.

The catastrophe caught Pompeii unexpectedly, treacherously, without giving her time to understand what had happened. Many Pompeiians died believing that the Giants had come out of Tartarus and that the last day had come to again thrust down the world in the shapeless

Marble Figure of Apollo Found in Pompeii



(1) Pompeii. (2) Old jail in Pompeii partly reconstructed. (3 and 4) Other views of Pompeii. (5) American tars inspect the ruins of old Pompeii. (6) Ruins of temple, Pompeii.

chaos of its origin. It was lightning swift and monstrous. The houses were waving here and there, rocked by the earthquake, knocking against each other; the sea drew back, leaving the fish on dry land; a terror striking obscurity broken only by flames and lightning descended on the city, together with a thick cloud of cinders and pumice; and under all this poor humanity was struggling, crying loudly and wildly, frenzied by an all-deadening panic. After the third day of this hellish destructive work, the sun shone again, but its rays were yellowish and pale and looked on nothing, for nothing was left of all the late grandeur and magnificance of the unfortunate city. "All was covered with cinders," says Plinius, "as with a sheet of snow." And today the human dead of that time are being returned to us in the shovels of the workmen and we can shut our eyes and see them as they died. It is terrible to think about.

A Typical House

The typical house of Pompeii had an almost shabby exterior. The rooms were built around an interior court, open in the center, with a basin beneath to catch rain water, and there were often trees and statuary and flowers in the court. The houses of the more affluent had two courts, and some houses had two stories, slaves occupy-

(1) Ruins of the Temple of Jupiter, Pompeii. (2) Ruins of a temple, Pompeii. (3) Pompeii. What a grand city it must have been when it lived. (4) A street in Pompeii. Lower right corner is street intersection. Note stepping stones with space between for chariot wheels. (5) Pompeii. (6) Other views of Pompeii. (7) At bakery in Pompeii. Note the stone pestals for crushing the grain. The oven is in center background.

WATER HEATING PLANT, POMPEII
Heating apparatus for baths found in a Pompeiian house.

ing the upper rooms. The walls were covered with stucco, glazed and painted with bright colors. Of particular note is a strikingly beautiful shade of red, the formula for making which has since been sought in vain.

Along the Streets

With no attempt at following a beaten path, we will describe a few of the more important points of interest in Pompeii. The streets are narrow, and of stone, deeply rutted by chariot wheels. At street crossings large stepping stones were provided, with space between them for chariot wheels. At intervals in the curbing are holes that were drilled in lieu of hitching posts. At numerous corners are stone watering troughs with spigots for drinking water. There was a complete waterworks system and many of the lead pipes may still be seen where they emerge from beneath the street. Water was heated in boilers and distributed in the houses just as in our day, and there were large public bath houses equipped for cold baths as well as warm and Turkish baths. The walls of the hot-bath rooms were hollow, to allow a circulation of steam to heat the rooms.

There is the house of Fauns. The greeting "Have" in the floor at the entrance points to the hospitality once shown there. Within this

house are the ruins of no less than four dining rooms.

Bulwer Lytton used the Casa di Sallustio as a prototype for Sallust's house, in his famous novel, "The Last Days of Pompeii." Close by is the Casa del Chirurgo, or House of the Surgeon, from the surgical instruments found there.

The House of Diomedes

Out on the Road of Tombs there is the house of Arrius Diomedes, a three-storied house with cellars. All of the family—eighteen persons—had taken refuge in one of the cellars, carrying food and their most precious belongings. But the avalanche of cinders blockaded the entrance and they died thus, walled in alive, in the horror of dense darkness. The master of the house, however, had fled first, followed by a slave who was carrying some silver vases, a lantern and a bag of money, but both master and slave died, suffocated on the very threshold of the door that opened into the fields. What horror, what frightfulness!

How They Died

Some there were who died serenely and who still show in their faces the peace of slumber, like the woman who died leaning her head on her husband's shoulder. But there are so many

Plaster Cast of Woman Who Died in Pompeii

others in whom intense suffering, fright and despair are vividly depicted by gnashing of teeth and the clutching of fists. In the barracks of the gladiators there were two poor fellows whose feet were fettered and who died without being able to even try to get away.

Plaster Casts

When the shower of pumice and hot water descended and enveloped the little dog and the human beings it formed a crust about them. Within this crust the flesh decayed, but the skeletons and forms remained. By pouring plaster of paris into these molds, exact replicas of the dog and the humans were made, preserving every expression as in the last moment of life. The plaster cast of a woman and several of men are preserved in the museum at Pompeii, and others are to be seen in Naples and other museums.

Theatres of Pompeii

Take his theatres away from him, and it seems that the ancient Roman would pine away. Old Naples, Rome and Athens had them in job lots. In Pompeii, one, the Teatro Grande, or Teatro Scoperto (meaning without roof), has been unearthed, while at some distance away are the remains of a mammoth amphitheatre.

AMPHITHEATRE AT POMPEII. VESUVIUS IN DISTANCE
Almost as important in the First Century as the Colosseum at Rome.

The Teatro Grande dates from the second century B. C., and could hold five thousand spectators. Within the encircling wall are stone rings which were used to secure a tent that was spread over the heads of the spectators as a protection from the sun's rays. The seats were arranged in three tiers in a semi-circle, the lowest steps, broader than the others, being those reserved for municipal officials.

Almost next door to the Teatro Grande is the roofed-in Strada Stabiana, dating from about the first century B. C., and used in those days for musical performances.

Amphitheatre

The amphitheatre begun in 70 B. C. is 442 feet long and 341 feet broad. Its twenty thousand spectators were seated in three tiers.

To one who has seen the great Colosseum at Rome, this one at Pompeii sets him to thinking. You feel in the air something that clamors for vengeance, not so much for what may have happened right here in the Amphitheatre of Pompeii as for the monstrous insult to humanity of which it is the symbol. Ancient humanity was not tender toward man, for the brotherhood of man is a Christian concept; but no modern nation ever thinks of amusing itself by looking at men killing each other, or to constrain by

force prisoners and slaves to knife and club each other to death for its own amusement; nor have they thought of making a public spectacle of this blood-curdling thing, regulated and prepared by magistrates, spending enormous sums for it, in immense buildings and scenarios for the purpose.

Here in this enormous basin of the Amphitheatre of Pompeii was a half drunken crowd of men and women, perspiring, laughing, howling and urging for more blood, while down there in that great pit, the arena, men fought men, piercing and transfixing each other with sword and spear and trident (pitchfork). Those who did not want to fight, or fought without energy, were goaded on with red hot irons or lashed unmercifully. They were prisoners of war, most of them. This was one means adopted by the Romans to rid themselves of them. When the supply of prisoners became a burden, batches of them were thrust into that very arena before us, and wild, hungry lions let loose among them. There was no pity.

When rich Romans wished to amuse themselves during one of their ever occurring banquets they had gladiators brought to the house to fight before them.

Let us away from this scene, these thoughts. Let us to the Street of the Masons, with the working tools of the craft on the street signs,

and to the Street of Abundance, the "main drag" of the city, and to a few more points of interest before we strike out for Vesuvius.

The House of Vettii

The Casa dei Vettii offers one of the best examples of a Pompeiian noble's home, since the beautiful paintings and marble decorations have been left as they were in the Peristyle (inner court) which has been replenished again with ferns and other plants.

In a small cabinet near the entrance is a "Priapus," a small statue that was originally in the court (but which because of its piquant details has been put thus to one side, to be shown only on request). In the court are fountains, handsome marble tables and statues.

In the rooms are still well preserved mural paintings depicting cupids and mythological scenes. The bedrooms are small and were used for sleeping purposes only. The master had his own private lounging room, which is opened upon request only, because of the unsavory nature of some of the paintings therein. It must be remembered that ancient Roman ideas of morality were not influenced by Christianity, and were, therefore, not in accord with our modern teachings.

About the People

So far in our description of Pompeii we have pictured its inhabitants as lovers of beautiful things—their homes were replete with paintings and statuary; as cruel and inhuman—witness the amphitheatre; and as lacking in morals. Pompeii was also wet. Dozens of little wine shops were within stone's throw from nearly any spot in the city. Now what about Pompeii's religion? It had none, as we understand religion. It had its Temple of Apollo, its Temple of Jupiter, and others, while nearly every house had a small shrine. They believed that there were Gods of some sort who could be called upon for help, and they went through certain rituals rigorously, never missing a word or a sign; but it was without that heart-felt fervor so necessary to true religious understanding and belief. They had no true idea of what all of their incantations were about.

Legend has it that during the heyday of Pompeii men were often the pursued rather than pursuers. Certainly all earmarks point to that conclusion. Writings still to be seen on walls tell queer tales of those olden days. Practically all statues unearthed were those of men, contrasting strangely with the rule in our time.

Gladiators, supermen trained to perfect health, tremendous strength and inhuman

courage, were not always kept for the arena. Aristocratic ladies regularly sought them as escorts, etc. One may imagine Signora Sphageti at her phone. Of course they did not have telephones then, but just suppose they had.

"Hello, is this the School of the Gladiators? No? Oh mercy, what awful service. Central, Central, listen. I want the School of the Gladiators, not the Bull Ring!

"Hello—ah, at last I have thee. Is Gladiator Clarencetti at leisure this evening? No? What—he has been engaged by that miserable Signora Di Sprato—she whose husband sells fish at the market? Fi! I want Clarencetti myself, and if you don't send him up I'll never patronize your old gladiator kindergarten again. You will? Good! Then I'll send my chariot down for him this evening. There's a big fiesta at the Temple of Venus tonight and I want Clarencetti as partner. I'll return him before morning. Yes, send your bill to me, to ME remember. All O. K. Good bye."

And the lady waxes happy in anticipation.

It is late in the day. Let us leave Pompeii, to view Vesuvius.

Vesuvius

Mount Vesuvius, about fifteen miles from Naples (it looks much closer) lies inland from the Bay of Naples perhaps six miles. The sea

has receded two miles from Pompeii and that city of ruins lies eight or nine miles beyond Vesuvius from Naples.

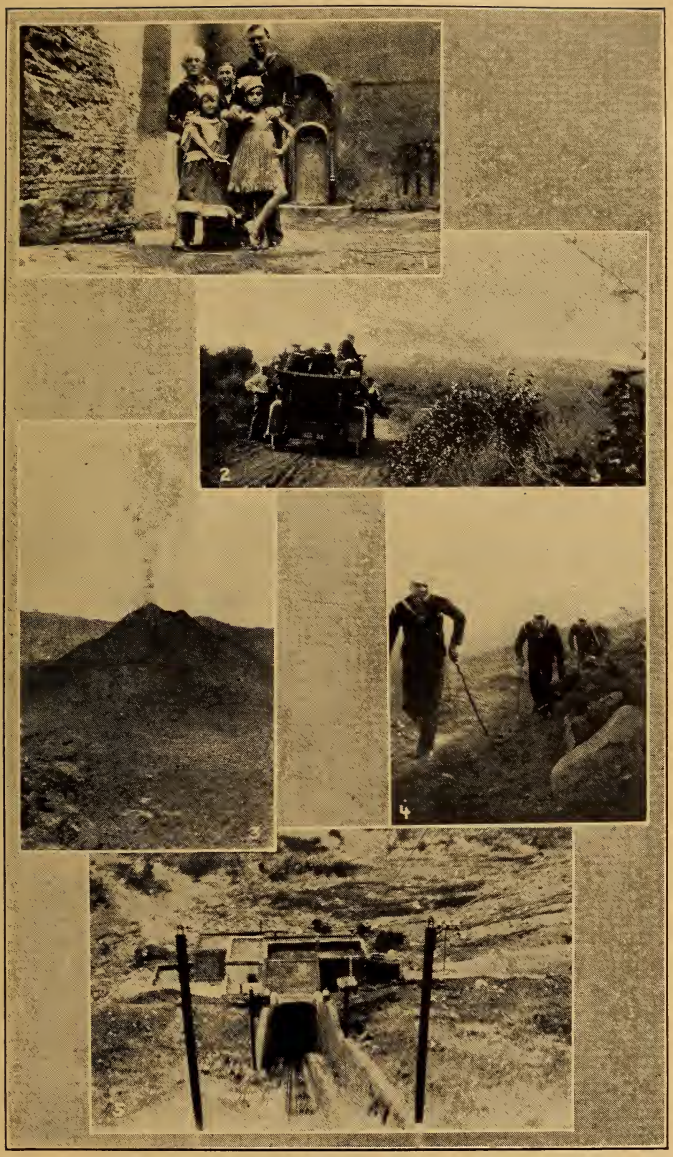
The volcano is almost circular at its base where it measures nine and one-half miles in diameter. Originally, the crater was two and one-half miles in diameter.

Vesuvius, long before the last days of Pompeii was regarded as harmless. In the year 15 A. D. it was described as a truncated (top cut off) cone, its slopes yielding rich harvests as they do today, but its summit was scorched and arid.

On August 24, 79, A. D., the first violent eruption occurred, heralded in 63 and again in 64 by destructive earthquakes. The southern half of the crater was destroyed and the center crater was raised to 4,264 feet. Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabiae and other settlements were wiped out.

Nine vigorous eruptions followed, the last in the year 1500. Then ensued tranquility until 1631, the summit became wooded and the crater served as a pasture for livestock. From time to time since 1631 there have been further eruptions, that of 1794 being especially terrific.

In the nineteenth century eruptions occurred in 1822, 1858, 1861, 1872 and 1885. In 1891 and 1899 streams of molten lava flowed from craters on the north side. In 1906 there was a most violent eruption, the rain of ashes and



(1) Naples. (2) Enroute, with Vesuvius ahead. (3) The cone of Vesuvius seen from edge of crater. (4) Mighty tired but nearing the crater of Vesuvius. (5) Cogwheel railroad depot at foot of Vesuvius.

pumice covering fields several yards deep. More than six villages were demolished and hundreds of lives were lost.

The pyramid shape was broken down by the 1906 breakout. Now the mountain looks as it did two thousand years ago.

The eruptions of 1928 and 1929 reduced the height of the mountain until it is only about 3,805 feet above level of the sea.

Most of the ascent of Mount Vesuvius may be made by carriage, but it is cheaper and far more comfortable by rail over the Ferrovia Circumvesuviana as far as Pugliano, hence by electric cogwheel railway up to within five minutes' climb on foot to the edge of the crater.

Standing on the rim of that vast caldron, one sees a blackish cone rising from the center of a mammoth, circular pit, a mile distant. Dense clouds of steam and smoke issue upward with a pulsating rush and float away. The cone seems to float in a sea of seething, molten lava filling the great pit. The scene creates the impression akin to that of the warning growl of a savage dog awaiting but opportunity to leap at its enemy's throat, or of a rattlesnake sounding the alarm before a deadly spring.

The cogwheel railroad line is brightly illuminated at night, presenting from the decks of the *Chester* a long, thin streak of fire up the mountain side.

CHESTER'S Party Places Wreath on Tomb of Italy's Unknown Soldier. Rome, September 6, 1930

To extreme left, alone, Frederick W. Reason, CTM. Left column: Andrew Brady, F 1c (holding wreath at foot of steps leading to tomb); George Tanch, CWT; Eric S. Whitman, CAP; Charles C. Light, CRM; Joseph F. Kahn, CPhM; Clarence A. Tudge, CY; Johney B. McLendon, CSmth 1c; George D. Muzzey, WT 1c; James A. Herring, WT 1c; Fidel Colombo, WT 2c; Peter H. Delaney, Eng 1c; Louis J. Czado, Eng 2c. Right column: George F. Benkert, SMM 1c (holding wreath); Charles R. France, CWT; Albert J. B. Graham, CCM; Edward R. Horn, CTC; Barron C. Sherrill, ACOM; Frank R. Zentz, WT 1c; Louis J. Gaff, F 1c; "J" M. H. Peters, F 3c; Raymond H. Tschirgi, F 1c; Syrenus A. Spencer, E 1c; Harry E. W. Snyder, SM 1c.

—Picture by Courtesy C. C. Light, CRM.

CHAPTER 9

ROME

Several parties were made up, which, accompanied by guides, made automobile and train trips to Rome, 155 miles from Naples. A three-day excursion was obtainable for approximately $20.00 per person, including good meals, hotel accommodations, automobile and guide, but, of course, the pocketbook was often called upon for extras which were practically indispensable.

At Tomb of Italy's Unknown Soldier

One of the larger of these parties to Rome placed a floral wreath on the tomb of Italy's Unknown Soldier, an act that caused much approbative comment in the Italian press. This party also met Pope Pius XI in special audience. One wonders how this man can hold his health under the constant strain of audiences with diplomats, church dignitaries and visitors, besides attending to his official duties otherwise, yet he is described as looking not the least fatigued.

The Vatican and Cathedral of Saint Peter

The Vatican, where Pope Pius lives, is the largest residence in the world. It contains sev-

CHESTER Men Before Main Entrance to St. Peter's Cathedral, Rome

Left to right: Doty, RM 3c; Papillon, RM 3c; Prizzy, S 2c; Vier, S 1c; Schelm, S 1c; Gough, EM 2c; McCoy, BM 2c; Nadia, S 1c; Martin, Cox, Thomas, S 2c; and Van Osten, MM 2c.

eral thousand rooms and has been the home of the popes since the year 1377.

Rome also boasts the largest church in the world, the Cathedral of Saint Peter. It was begun in 1506 by Pope Julius, and was completed 126 years later. It covers 18,000 square yards, is 636 feet long, and the top of its cross is 435 feet above ground.

To the average globe trotter Rome represents a thesaurus of antiquity, a vast storehouse wherein mythology, legend, history, archaeology, religion, art, poetry and all else typical of the best of its type may be seen, studied and enjoyed. The spell of it lurks long after the visitor has passed to another field of view.

The Colosseum at Rome

At Rome the mighty Colosseum was seen. The Emperor Vespasian began this tremendous structure and it was finished by Emperor Domitian in 82 A. D. In 238 A. D. a fourth story was added. The structure is elliptical, measuring 615x510 feet. The arena measured 281x176 feet. The walls were of stone and seats of marble. It could hold fifty thousand spectators seated, with an additional standing room for twenty thousand more. It was built by twelve thousand slaves from Jerusalem at a cost estimated at $15,000,000. Wild lions, tigers, leopards

(1) Within ruins of one of Caesar's palaces, Rome. (2) Entrance to Caesar's prison, Rome. (3) Statue to Garibaldi, savior of Italy. (4) Guide with Brady, Zentz, "Sails" and Muzzi at Rome's "First and Last Chance." (5) Coat of arms of the Emperor Constantine, Rome. (6) At base of Garibaldi monument, Rome. (7) Rome to Naples with Frank Zentz at the wheel. (8) Saint Peter's Cathedral, Rome.

SCENES IN ROME

(1) Arch of Constantine. (2) Relief: "Caesar's Feast to His Chiefs," Rome. Sailors: Zentz, Brady, Muzzi and Snyder. (3) Front of Tomb, Unknown Soldier. (4) Bluejackets on the road to Rome. (5) Ruins of the Forum, Rome. (6) Within the ancient Colosseum, Rome. (7) Fountain, with Vatican in background. (8) Another view of Tomb of Unknown Soldier.

—Pictures by Courtesy of Andrew Brady, F 1c.

and other fierce beasts were kept in cages under the floor. Christians, slaves and prisoners of war were fed to these beasts, and gladiators fought there to the death.

Circus Maximus

The Circus Maximus, in Rome, was built by King Tarquin and enlarged by Julius Caesar a short time before the birth of Christ. It was 312 feet high, 1,875 feet long and 625 feet wide. At first it would house 150,000 spectators, but in the fourth century it was enlarged to accommodate 385,000 people—some circus! This was a place for games and chariot races.

Catacombs

The Catacombs of Rome, however gruesome in spots, enthralls one in their vastness. They were the sepulchres of the early Christians and consisted of forty groups of labyrinthian galleries or chambers, covering 615 acres, and sometimes extending five stories, or 70 feet, below the surface of the ground.

Arches of Titus and Constantine

Europe is full of magnificent arches erected in honor of great personages or commemorating

decisive victories at arms. In Rome there are two, erected when the Roman power was omnipotent, which are especially noteworthy. One is the Arch of Titus, and the other, that of Constantine. The latter is a particularly rich example of architectural and decorative art. Both of these archways are close to the Colosseum.

Many days could be profitably spent sightseeing in Rome. It was the very center of the civilized world; to it gravitated the greatest artists, the most eminent architects, the shrewdest diplomats, and most sagacious scoundrels as well, in the days of the Roman emperors, and each left his mark in the arts, letters and government. It would be useless to try to describe the manifold wonders to be seen in Rome in a book of this kind.

Bones

At one of the ancient monasteries in Rome there is a scene never to be forgotten, bespeaking so plainly the intense religious fervor of the monks. In this particular order the novices literally signed their bones away when they took the oaths, and their bones are still kept sacredly.

In one room is the fairly well preserved body of the founder of the order. In four smaller rooms are arranged on the walls and floors the skulls and all other bones of every brother monk who has passed away down through the cen-

turies. There are fully two thousand skulls. The bones, assembled according to kind, are arranged in designs, the femurs, tibias, vertebrae, and so on, down to tiny finger bones, forming fantastic, yet fascinating circles, stars and crescents.

VOLCANO STROMBOLI IN ERUPTION

The *Chester's* relief party landed at village to left of picture.

—Photo by Underwood & Underwood

CHAPTER 10

STROMBOLI VOLCANO

At 6:54 P. M., Thursday, September 11, 1930, the U. S. S. *Chester* left Naples, Italy, proceeding leisurely southward for Constantinople, Turkey, via the Straits of Messina, with the small volcanic island of Stromboli off the coast of Sicily, almost in a direct line with the course, lying forty miles north of Messina and one hundred thirty-six miles south of Naples.

At about 9:10 P. M., Robert R. Barnes, Radioman, who was copying press being broadcast by the German station at Konigs Wusterhausen, called the attention of Chief Radioman Samuel W. Beach to an item from Rome reporting an eruption of the mighty volcano Stromboli. It said:

"Rome.—Press here states that the volcano Stromboli suddenly resumed intense activity. Streams of lava surprised the village of Ginostro, killing one and injuring many. A destroyer is rushing first aid."

As the above press dispatch indicated disaster still in progress and knowing that Stromboli was within reach of the *Chester,* Beach rushed a copy of the press report to Lieutenant

W. H. Hartt, Communication Officer, who at once notified Captain Fairfield.

Without hesitating, Captain Fairfield ordered the ship to full speed and all preparations made to meet emergencies and to render every assistance in the cruiser's power to the afflicted populace.

A dispatch was filed by Captain Fairfield in English as follows:

"Admiralty, Naples.

"Urgent. Please communicate following to Admiral Nicastro. Have radio press report from Rome that many persons injured at Stromboli. Am proceeding full speed to render assistance. Can you verify report that assistance is needed?

"Fairfield."

The above dispatch, rewritten into Italian, was transmitted to Naples at 11:20 P. M.

And by now the cruiser was flying through the night. Very few of the crew sought sleep. Preparations for landing, if necessary, went on apace. Medical stores, provisions, tents, blankets and all other things thought necessary were broken out and made ready.

At 11:33 P. M. the Bureau of Operations, Washington, was notified: "Am proceeding at full speed to render assistance at Stromboli." This dispatch reached Washington within ten minutes from the time it was written.

Attempts to reach Messina by radio were unavailing. All press circuits were eagerly combed for further news, and it was from the other side of the world that the next bit of news sifted through. The far away Navy Radio Station at Cavite, Philippine Islands, was raised easily and furnished an item by the Associated Press stating that twenty persons had been killed on Stromboli.

An unknown radio circuit was heard to report that Italian destroyers with tents, food and other necessities were hurrying to the scene. "Stromboli volcano, off the northern coast of Sicily," said this report, "suddenly burst its cone, 3,000 feet high, yesterday morning, shooting forth showers of flaming lava over the surrounding country. The lava flow reached the villages of San Bartorlo and Ginostro, where casualties were reported. Simultaneously with the eruption several earthquake shocks were felt on the island of Lipari, which lies further south and which is famous as being one of the islands used by the Fascist government as a penal colony for political prisoners. Inhabitants, panic stricken, left their homes and rushed for the open air. Local authorities wired for relief and several destroyers were rushed from Lipari. Latest reports say that Stromboli has now returned to a normal condition, but the volcano is wrapped in a dense cloud of smoke."

The *Chester* had gathered high speed easily. She seemed to know, this long, slender, gray beauty of the sea, that hers was an errand of mercy, and bravely bent to her level best. She knew, too, that those silent, watchful navigators on her bridge were of the world's most efficient, so that she need not fear either rocks or shoals even though the night was of the blackest.

Shortly before two o'clock in the morning of the 12th, the gigantic, bleak, forbidding outlines of Stromboli loomed ahead, revealing at length a cone almost as imposing and perfect as that of Japan's famed "Fujiyama." There was a light rainfall, but through its haze there glowed forth from time to time great bursts of flame, red, dark red, hurling showers of rocks, cinders and lava into the sky.

After a short reconnoiter along the active side of Stromboli, playing its powerful search-lights shoreward, the ship rounded the solitary lighthouse and stopped opposite a settlement on the other side of the island.

A motor whaleboat was quickly launched and proceeded to shore, bearing Doctor O. R. Goss, Lieutenant Commander, Medical Corps; Chief Pharmacist's Mate Joseph F. Kahn, with medical supplies; Sergeant Angelo J. Lo Giudice, Marine Corps, interpreter, and Chief Gunner's Mate A. B. Carroll. The party was in charge of Lieutenant Commander F. B. Royal.

Close up View of Crater of the Volcano Stromboli During Eruption

—By Underwood & Underwood.

After a short delay in finding a landing place, the party was met by Fascist soldiers from a detachment of fifty that had been sent over from Lipari immediately after the disaster, who escorted them to a house in town where they met the Fascist commanding officer. This officer thanked the Americans profusely, expressing especial surprise that a foreign warship should have thus rushed to their assistance, but assuring them that no help was then needed, as the five known dead had already been buried and the more seriously injured, one of whom was momentarily expected to die, had been transferred to Messina by Italian destroyers. One other person was still missing and there were a large number of others injured slightly. Streets of the settlement were covered to the depth of five or six inches with volcanic ashes and various sized rocks, still warm, which had rained upon the place for thirty-three minutes. There had been a slight earthquake at eight o'clock in the morning of the 11th, followed at 9:48 A. M. with the bursting of the valcano cone and subsequent violent eruption.

At five o'clock the ship's party returned and the *Chester* was well away on its course before the morning sun had gained much headway.

Upon arriving at Stromboli the following laconic dispatch was sent, reaching Washington at 2:46 A. M., ship's time: "Arrived Stromboli."

At 3:05 A. M. a message in Italian was received from the Naval authorities at Naples, which was interpreted by Private Arthur Vitale, of the Marines:

"The Italians are now at Stromboli. Few are wounded. Admiral Nicastro with torpedo boats. Other help not necessary. Thanks very much for courtesy offered."

At 4:08 A. M. a message was sent to Washington: "Italian authorities report no help needed. Am proceeding Constantinople."

And the incident closed with receipt by the *Chester* of a message from the Navy Department: "Department approves your action and considers it a commendable example of initiative and good judgment."

Chester First U. S. Navy Ship to Visit Stromboli

When Fred E. Wilke, QM 2c, acting as bow hook of the motor whaleboat, jumped ashore with the bow line, he was the first American man-o'-warsman ever to set foot on Stromboli. Others of the whaleboat's crew were Stephen O. Chovin, Sea. 1c, coxswain; Ewen D. Cameron, F. 3c, engineer; Jack W. McCoy, SM 2c, signalman, and John B. Hallett, boatswain 1c.

On October 18, 1930, the State Department

at Washington received a letter from the Italian Ambassador wherein he stated: "I have been informed by my government of the generous offer of assistance on the part of the United States Cruiser *Chester* on September 12, 1930, when, having heard of the eruption of the Stromboli Volcano, approached the island proffering to co-operate with the Italian authorities in the relief work. This noble act of solidarity has been highly appreciated, and I am directed to express, through Your Excellency, to the Government of the United States the deep thanks of my government."

And, resting now in the archives of Captain Fairfield's office is a personal letter of thanks signed by Italy's man of iron, Mussolini.

The Iron Man of Italy, addressing Captain Fairfield under date of October 8, 1930, wrote as follows: (English translation).

"The Minister of Marine has informed me that on the night of 11 September, while under way in the vessel under your command, upon intercepting reports of the eruption of the volcano on the Island of Stromboli, you at once changed course for that locality for the purpose of co-operating in the relief work if possible.

"I greatly appreciate this generous act on your part.

"I thank you cordially.

"Mussolini."

Inner Harbor at Constantinople

Fountain of William II of Germany, Constantinople

CHAPTER 11

CONSTANTINOPLE

The *Chester* entered the Dardanelles early in the morning of Monday, September 15, and anchored off Constantinople at 2:30 P. M. This noted ribbon of water, the Dardanelles, connects the Aegean Sea with the Sea of Marmora, and at the eastern end of the latter sea lies the city. At this point the waters narrow again into a ribbon that, under the name of the Bosphorus, takes a northeasterly course for fifteen miles and enters the Black Sea.

How Constantinople is Laid Out

A fairly wide inlet called the Golden Horn joins the Sea of Marmora at its confluence with the Bosphorus and separates the European city into two of its three quite distinct parts. Stamboul, the ancient portion, extends from the Golden Horn, along the Sea of Marmora westward to the old walls of Theodosius. The modern portion is on the heights to the right of the Golden Horn, while the commercial section, called Galata, is down on the flats along the east bank of the Golden Horn where it joins the Bosphorus. A very healthful, modern, residential

section called Scutari lies opposite Pera (the modern section on the heights mentioned above) on the Asiatic side, fine ferryboats plying across frequently.

Sailors Well Treated

The men of the *Chester* were most agreeably surprised at Constantinople, or Istanbul, as it is now called. Neither the city nor its inhabitants tally in the least with the average American's conception of them. The concensus of opinion among all hands was that their visit to Turkey's metropolis was second only to their week in Barcelona, and agree with the statement made by Thomas Cook & Son in their publication, "The Mediterranean Cruise of 1931:" "No city offers more in the way of sightseeing than Constantinople."

The streets are narrow and irregular; but so they are in Boston. Some "streets" are very broad stone stairways gradually ascending for several blocks; but all this whets the imagination and is most alluring. There are only a few dogs on the streets. A few years ago the city fathers gathered in all canines not bearing license tags—thousands of them—transported them to a small island and there poisoned the lot.

Along these twisting streets it is common to see a man trudging steadily along with a piano on his back or some other merchandise not less

A Turkish Cemetery of Olden Times

Worshippers Washing Face, Hands and Feet Before Entering Mosque, Constantinople.

heavy or cumbersome. Tiny burros trot along with a sort of helpless expression bearing tremendous loads with their corpulent masters atop them.

Brief History of Constantinople

The first capital of Turkey was Broussa, in 1326 A. D., but many centuries prior to this Hannibal is thought to have established that city. In 185 B. C. it became a Byzantine city, finally coming under the domination of one Orkhan.

In the fourteenth century, in the reign of Sultan Orkhan, the Turks landed at Gallipoli under the command of Suleyman Pasha. Gallipoli, at the juncture of the Sea of Marmora with the Dardanelles, attained immortal fame during the World War. In 1363 Adrianople became the second capital of Turkey, and from then on the Ottoman Empire dated its victorious days.

On May 29, 1453, Sultan Mehmed II led his triumphant army into Constantinople after a fifty-four days' siege, and that city became the third capital of Turkey, remaining so until 1923 when the new republic very wisely removed the seat of government to Angora where it is safer and in the center of the country.

A majority of the Turkish sultans were selfish and cared nothing at all about the welfare of their subjects. The people finally rebelled overnight and the last sultan was given twenty-

four hours to leave town—and he pulled the throttle wide open and made it, with some hours to spare.

H. E. Mustapha Kemal Pasha, now President of Turkey, is well beloved. He is accomplishing wonders toward the uplift of his people, encouraging education, stamped out the fez and the veil, and frowns menacingly at public graft.

The original name for Constantinople was Byzantium, given it by the followers of Byzas when they founded the city in 660 B. C. In 479 B. C. the Persians under Darius captured the original settlement and burned it completely down. The Spartans came and rebuilt it. A siege of two years' duration by Macedonians in 340 B. C. was withstood. The Romans came and destroyed the city walls. Then the Roman Emperor Constantine founded the present city, naming it New Rome, in 330 B. C.

Constantine immediately began enlarging the city, fortified it with huge walls and built several palaces, churches, baths, acqueducts and fountains. The name of the city was changed to Constantinople in his honor.

Trouble arose. The succession of emperors was regulated by no law, while imperial dignity was dragged down by mercenaries and through court intrigues. The people often revolted. An emperor married a dancer. An empress had a groom for her lover.

When Justinian came to the throne in 527 A. D., the sixth century became a golden age. He gave Rome a new impetus, established just laws, and above all, built the great Christian church of St. Sophia in Constantinople, that immortal work of Byzantine architecture, now a Mohammedan mosque.

Roman rule ceased finally in the early part of the eighth century. But the Byzantines still struggled at Constantinople. On the sea side the attacks of enemy fleets were stopped by Greek fire, invented by the architect Callincus, whom, it is claimed, discovered the properties of saltpetre. Avarians, Persians and Arabs laid siege to the city at different times without success.

In 1204 Constantinople was visited by the Crusaders under Godfrey de Bouilon and Dandolo. On April 13, 1203, the Crusaders occupied the city, set it afire, looted everything of value and massacred thousands of the unfortunate inhabitants. In a few days all of the works of art collected through nine centuries were destroyed and all the relics in churches taken away to Northern Europe. Count Baldwin was proclaimed emperor and was crowned in St. Sophia.

The Latins ruled Constantinople fifty-seven years. But the Byzantines returned and ruled until May 29, 1453, when Sultan Mehmed II led his army into the city after a protracted siege.

The population of Constantinople in 1927

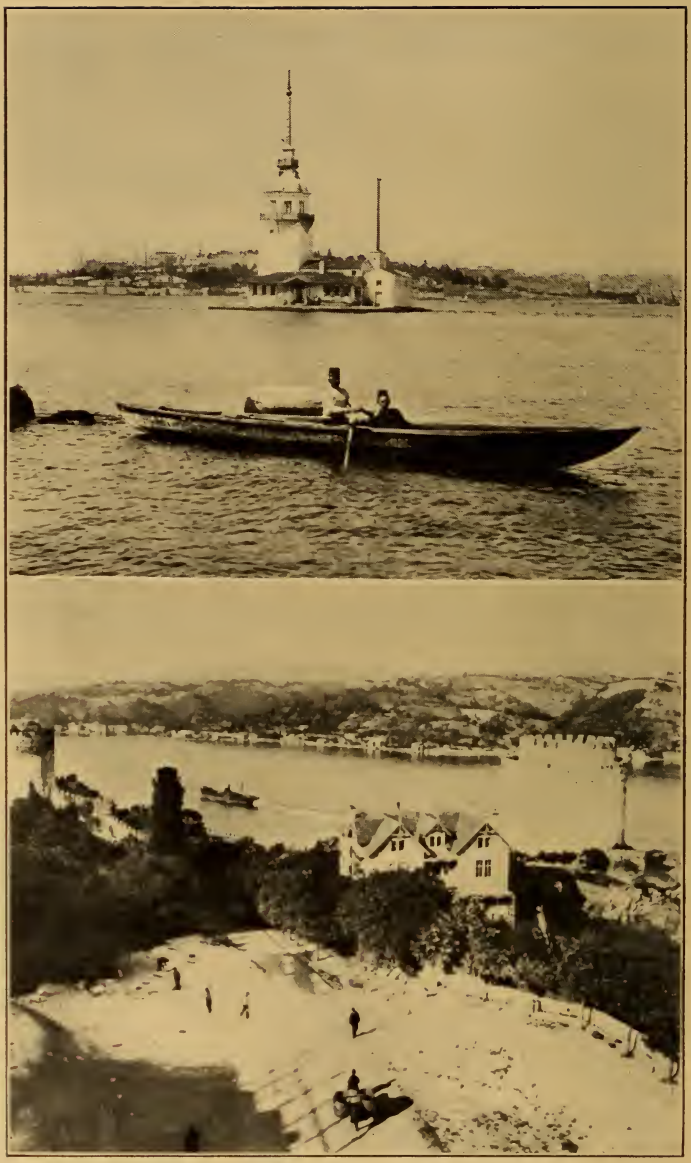
(1) The *Chester* at Constantinople. (2) Mammoth dome and four minarets of the Mosque St. Sophia, Constantinople. A dome that is unsupported by pillars. (4) The flag of Turkey. (5) The subterranean reservoir, Constantinople. (6) Happy hour in Constantinople.

was 1,071,470. There were then 327 public schools, with 39,157 pupils and 1,221 teachers, besides a university of science, several other universities, a military college, a medical school, a naval academy and numerous foreign schools.

Museums

There are five museums, all on the Stamboul side of the Golden Horn. Probably the most interesting to the *Chester's* personnel was the Military Museum, situated in the ancient church of St. Irene, the only existing building in the city that can claim actual connection with the Emperor Constantine, since it is situated in one corner of the courtward of the old Seraglio Palace.

There are enormous quantities of armor, arms, costumes and war paraphernalia here, enough to fill both the New National Museum and the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, if properly exhibited. A person might spend many days there. The famous chain which was stretched by the Greeks in 1453 from Seraglio Point to Galata for defending the Golden Horn against the Turkish fleet is housed here. Also, there are to be seen the sword, helmet, pistol and dagger of Sultan Mehmed II and other sultans, besides innumerable swords, helmets and armor of the crusaders. There are mannikins dressed as judges, prisoners and executioners, and finally



TOWER OF LEANDER, CONSTANTINOPLE
Rising out of the Sea of Marmora at the entrance to the harbor of Constantinople. A history that lapses back into mythology is Leander Tower. See description in text.

THE BEAUTIFUL BOSPHORUS
From ancient Towers of Roumeli-Hissar.

a long row of them showing the evolution of Turkish uniforms down to the time of the World War.

Old Towers

There are numerous ancient towers throughout the city, each with its quota of history, while rising out of the sea at the entrance of the harbor is Leandor Tower, upon which was built a castle that served as an anchorage for one end of the chain mentioned above as having been used to close the Golden Horn. Among the legends connected with this tower is that of a Turkish princess who shut herself up in it to guard against a prediction that she was destined to die from a serpent's bite. However, a serpent was sent her hidden in a basket of fruit and she was bitten and died.

Mosque of Saint Sophia

No offertories are collected in Turkish mosques, all expenses of their upkeep being paid by the government. There are more than three hundred active mosques in Constantinople, each with one or more tall, slender minarets from balconies near the tops of which, at sunrise, noon and sunset, a Mohammedan priest calls the people to prayer. Their shrill voices may be heard at a distance. Many a sailor practiced in vain to imitate them.

The greatest of all is the Mosque of St. Sophia. It was built by the Emperor Justinian as a Christian cathedral. In form it is a Greek Cross and its dimensions are 269x146 feet. Sultan Mohammed II turned it into a mosque in 1453 A. D. Its vicissitudes have been legion. During the reign of Arcadius in 404 A. D. it was totally destroyed by fire. Reconstructed in 415, it was again laid waste during a revolution in 532. After that, Justinian rebuilt and refinished the structure in its present splendor. To do this, the emperor went far afield for things of elegance and grandeur, pillaging the pagans of Europe and Asia, spending a year's income of Egypt, stopping payment of the army, and even curtailing the cost of public education, to realize his grand idea. Ten thousand workmen were employed for five years in the work at a total cost estimated at $150,000,000 in present day money value. The great cathedral was finished in 537 A. D. The main dome collapsed in 557, but was at once rebuilt. This dome is not supported by pillars, a fact that has been a never ceasing enigma to architects.

St. Sophia has been used as a mosque since the Turks occupied Constantinople. Visitors are met at the door by an old fellow, a sort of beadle, whose business it is to furnish enormous slippers to guests, as shoes are never allowed to tread in the sacred precincts. One must slide along in

these slippers as though the slippers were snow-shoes.

The floor of the enormous interior is covered with carpets so laid that when standing at right angles to their length, one faces the east, where two green flags over a gorgeous pulpit indicate that the high priest who presides there has made the pilgrimage to Mecca, that city in Western Arabia which was the birthplace of Mohammed, a distinction highly desired by all of the faithful.

There is a library of several thousand books and scrolls in one of the balconies of the mosque for the use of true believers waiting for services to commence. Every book and scroll in this vast collection was written by hand with pen and ink. Perhaps the most singular objects to be seen in the main body of the mosque are two real tallow candles as large around as a man and much taller. These were formerly lighted as all candles are, but now electric bulbs perform the offices of wicks.

In the yard outside of the mosque the faithful may gather about tables to eat lunch or gossip while awaiting time for prayer, while a little to one side is a circular fountain where they must wash their faces, hands and feet before presuming to enter the mosque. A good sized book might be filled with further details of this magnificent structure. It may be seen by ships passing and identified by its four minarets.

The Blue Mosque

Within two blocks of St. Sophia is another pretentious place of worship, the Blue Mosque, so called from the predominating colors of its interior. The mosaic tiling used here was buried for twenty-five years under a steady fire. Hence it is that the color is as bright today as ever, and will ever be so. Four huge columns of solid marble, 88 feet in circumference, support the dome. Clustered close to the pulpit are thick woolen and silken rugs, hand-made, and beyond price. This mosque dates back to Sultan Ahmed I. Its six minarets have fourteen balconies, signifying that Ahmed I was the fourteenth sultan of Turkey. Curiously, he was proclaimed sultan when fourteen years of age and he ruled just fourteen years.

Basilica Cistern

Not far from St. Sophia and the Blue Mosque is the unpretentious entrance to the wonderful Bascilica Cistern, underground, where Justinian sought to store water for use in case of siege. It is a vast excavation, roofed with stone, supported by three hundred and thirty-six 40-foot stone columns in twelve rows, 13 feet apart. The total area of this reservoir is 462x231. Pure water from unknown springs still keep the reser-

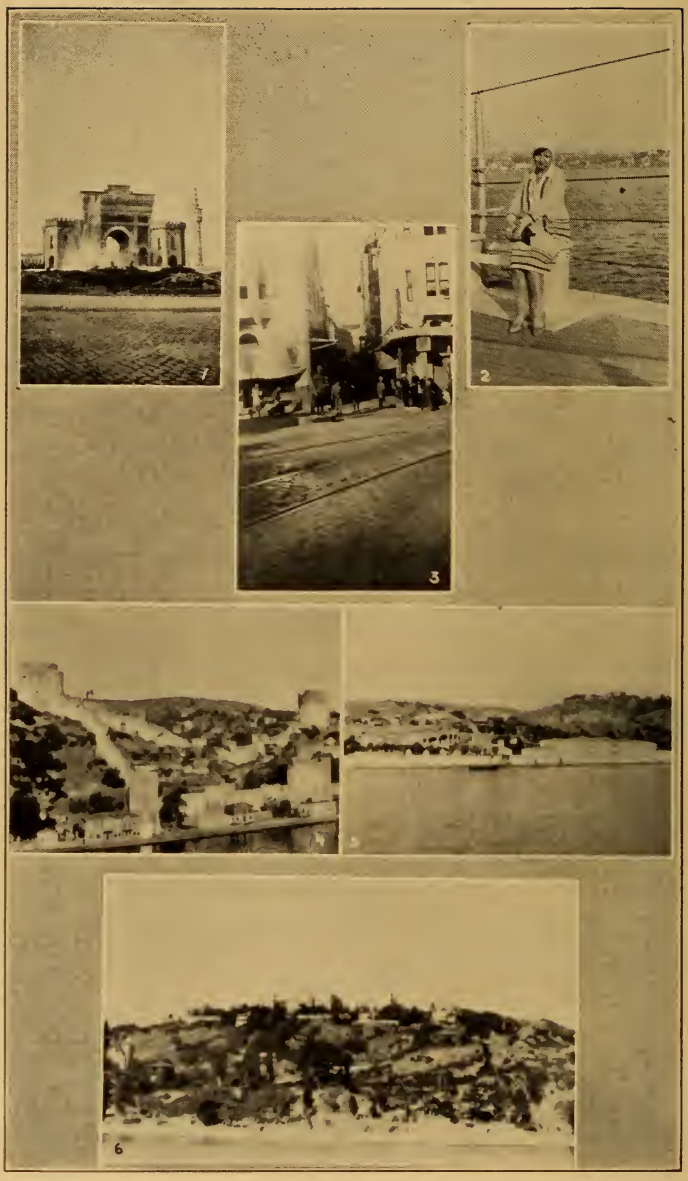
voir supplied. It is a spectacle never to be forgotten, especially under the electric lighting now installed there. There is said to be another and larger subterranean cistern in the city, which is now dry. Both were originally fed by an aqueduct that has long since fallen into disuse.

Hippodrome

A little further on in our sightseeing brings us to the site of the ancient Hippodrome; but it is a site only, since there are no traces left of the structure that was once there. Under the Romans, horse races, games and gladiatorial contests were held here. It is now a wide parkway studded with relics, such as a serpentine column, a burnt column, an obelisk, and a fountain presented by the late Kaiser of Germany.

The Grand Bazaar

The grand bazaar in Stamboul was a favorite place of the *Chester's* officers and men for shopping. Occupying twenty acres, thousands of tiny shops closely line a labyrinth of narrow roadways, vaulted over so as to make one vast enclosure, an arcade, as it were, ten times as large as the most spacious in the United States. Here every product imaginable of field, factory and loom are on sale. There is one section of



(1) One of the numerous gates of old Constantinople. (2) Turkish girls are quite up to date these days. (3) Oh yes, they have traffic cops in Turkey. (4) Towers of Romereli-Hissar on shores of the Bosphorus. (5) One of a Sultan's palaces along the enchanting Bosphorus, Turkey. (6) Roberts College (American) overlooking the Bosphorus.

Pictures by Courtesy of John Papillon, RM 3c.

ten small stores, each specializing in a different line of goods that is controlled by the Prefecture of the city and is the most reliable place to make purchases. But they are only ten, out of hundreds. Perhaps nowhere else on earth is there a scene of similar character and extent. Prices are elastic and a good bargainer can generally get what he wants at a third, or even a quarter of the first price asked. There is even a store dealing in ancient and medieval armor, swords and helmets. Chief Storekeeper Archie Sullivan bought two fine old swords for a dollar each, hardly more than one-fifth of the original price.

Constantinople is a busy port. The flags of Italy, Rumania and Turkey predominate among the shipping, although ships of other nations are continually in evidence.

Resources of Turkey

Turkey has plenty of gold and other precious metals. It produces corn, wheat and wool, as well as hard woods. But up to now, because of continual political growling throughout that section of the world, foreign capitalists have hesitated to exploit these resources.

The Yankee man-o'-warsman stands ace high among the Turks. They were given free street car service at Constantinople, while large numbers of citizens visited the ship daily.

Boxing Bouts at Constantinople

At a smoker held in a local up-town theatre, the *Chester's* boxers, who had been in training on the fantail nearly every afternoon since the cruiser left Newport, had a real tryout.

There were to have been six bouts with local pugilists, but one of the latter failed to appear, the bout going by default to Joseph F. Brayman, BM 2c. John G. Criscuolo, F 1c, won his bout; Stephen O. Chovin, S 1c, lost on a foul in the third round, and Robert M. Shearer, F 2c, and Myron P. Hackley, S 1c, fought their opponents to a draw.

Turkish Money

While the piaster was formerly the standard of money in Turkey, the currency has so far depreciated that the Turkish pound has usurped the piaster's place. One hundred piasters equal one pound, and the Turkish pound, formerly worth $4.40, was bringing forty-eight cents U. S. coinage while the *Chester* was at Constantinople.

Entertainments

There were a number of entertainments given while the *Chester* was at Constantinople. The American Ambassador gave an informal dinner for the Captain and four officers, a tea dance the next day, an official dinner to the Captain and

three other officers, and a magnificent ball for all officers. The Turkish Naval Academy gave a tea for sixteen *Chester* officers. The United States Military Attache gave a dinner to Captain Fairfield and seven other officers. Captain Fairfield gave two unofficial lunches for the ambassador and members of his staff, and there was a tea dance given on board to Turkish and American officials and prominent residents, to which two hundred invitations were issued.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. staged a baseball game and other athletic events for one hundred enlisted men on the last day.

The ship entertained twenty Turkish naval and military officers at a buffet lunch, after which they were shown about the ship.

On Friday, which is Turkish Sunday, Captain Fairfield and six officers, with a company of bluejackets and a company of marines, proceeded to the National Monument and laid a wreath at its base with an appropriate inscription regarding the friendly relations existing between the United States and Turkey.

Salutes

Six salutes were fired at Constantinople. One was the national salute of twenty-one guns,

and another of the same number to the President of Turkey who was in the city at that time. There was a nineteen-gun salute to the American Ambassador, a seventeen-gun salute to the Governor, fifteen guns to a Turkish general, and eleven to the American Consul General.

Through the Bosphorus

In line with his policy of giving his officers and men every chance to see all that could be seen during the shakedown cruise, Captain Fairfield headed the *Chester* into the east again when, at seven o'clock Monday morning, September 22, the ship pulled away from Constantinople, enroute to Greece.

Entering the narrow Bosphorus, the cruiser passed through its fifteen miles of splendor into the Black Sea, turned and retraced its course.

There can hardly be a stretch of water in the world that passes by more scenes of great interest than does the Bosphorus. From the Golden Horn to the Black Sea there are castles after castles of former sultans. Some are mere clusters of warlike towers of stone joined by high defense walls. These are the most ancient. Others are modern palaces of an elegance akin to Vincennes. And sprinkled along the motor road that parallels the waterway are numerous fine residences and large hotels.

As the *Chester* passed in stately review through the Bosphorus the inhabitants of hotels and residences waved handkerchiefs and flags. From a third-story window of one house a woman was seen bravely struggling with a big bed spread in an endeavor to make it flutter her welcome to the Yankees.

On the way back, as the ship neared Constantinople the American flag above a large hotel dipped gracefully one, twice, a third time. In the days of Sir Walter Raleigh the dipping of an ensign three times signaled distress or the approach of an enemy. But Sir Walter and his day have passed. This salute was of courtesy, and the ship answered it.

Seaplanes at Constantinople

Because of swift currents in the harbor, no catapult shots were made at Constantinople, and only two surface flights were made, one by Lieutenant Tague and Brinkley, AMM 1c, and the other by Lieutenant Pate and John Grant, AMM 1c.

Constantinople was passed by the *Chester* quickly, and she gathered speed. To Piraeus, the port of Athens, Greece, was her business now.

National Public Library, and Academy of Sciences, Athens

CHAPTER 12

MODERN ATHENS

Phaleron Bay, where the *Chester* arrived at eight o'clock Monday morning, September 22, from Constantinople, encompasses within its wide, horseshoe curve, several cities of Greece, the most important being Piraeus, the shipping center for Athens, four miles inland. Piraeus is flat, muddy and uninteresting.

Well-appointed electric trains of first-, second- and third-class coaches run at frequent intervals between Piraeus and Athens. Part of the run through Athens is underground, and at the end of the line in the center of the city is a superb new terminal station that would be a credit to any electric station in the United States.

The population of Athens is a matter of conjecture, there having been no census taken in many years in a systematic manner. It is perhaps close to 800,000.

This was the one port of call where the cruiser's bluejackets were not pestered for cigarettes. There was a pleasant absence of begging and scarcity of touts and panderers so inevitable the world over. Street peddlers there were, of small wares such as cigarette holders, postcards, stamp

collections, knives, miniature "marble" statues (that melt readily in water) and so forth, yet they are not as tenacious as elsewhere.

Cigarette Venders of Athens

A rare type of peddler is found in Athens, the cigarette seller. This man has a shallow box with wooden doors which he carries in front of him by means of a strong leather strap slung around his neck. Thus his hands are free to open the doors and allow a prospective customer to pick out his favorite brand from a goodly assortment neatly stowed on shelves. American cigarettes are scarce in Greece, but on the other hand the Greek brands are very good, closely approaching the American product in quality.

The business center of modern Athens is quite up-to-date. The streets are well paved, some with asphalt. American automobiles, typewriters and other commodities are well patronized. One group of buildings in the heart of the city is strikingly beautiful, the National Public Library, the Academy of Sciences and the University.

The Greek Fleet

While the *Chester* was at Pharelon Bay a major portion of the Greek naval forces entered the harbor and dropped anchor. Externally, at

least, these ships were as neat as pins. There were eight destroyers, four submarines, a submarine tender and the flagship *Giorgios Averoff,* of 10,000 tons. The latter warship has an interesting history. In 1912 Greece was at war with Turkey and needed more ships. A wealthy merchant, Giorgios Averoff, purchased the Italian cruiser *Pisa* and gave it to Greece, whereupon the vessel was renamed in his honor.

The former United States battleships *Idaho* and *Mississippi* were purchased by Greece July 30, 1914, and are still in commission, although they are inferior to the flagship in speed. The *Averoff* is said to make twenty-three knots.

Greek Money

The monetary unit in Greece is the drachma, normally worth about 19 1/3 cents each in United States coinage. The *Chester's* men, however, secured them at approximately 1 1/3 cents each, or about seventy-six for a dollar.

Short History

How widely different this modern Greek fleet must be from the one that fought in that same bay nearly five hundred years before the beginning of the Christian era, a fierce struggle that ended victoriously for the attacking Persians

and marked the beginning of Persian rule over Greece which lasted until the battle of Salamis, near Piraeus, when, defeated and retreating before the victorious Greeks, the invaders laid waste to Athens. Every structure was demolished, including the unfinished Parthenon.

But the Athenians bent their willing backs to the work of restoring their beloved city, and it flourished again in beauty and glory.

In 86 B. C. the city unwittingly or unwisely pitted itself against the power of Rome, with disastrous consequences. The walls of Piraeus and the long wall between that village and Athens were broken up and the Acropolis plundered during the struggle.

Now, under the Roman Emperor Hadrian, Athens began to assume a Roman aspect. The Olympian Zeus and the Arch of Hadrian were built and the buildings of Herodes Atticus.

Down through succeeding centuries unfortunate Athens labored under the Byzantines and the Turks, after the power of Rome had set in the west, and they left no noteworthy memorials of their suzerainty.

In 1833 Athens became the capital of the newly recognized kingdom, as it is today of the republic, of Greece, and now no effort is spared to preserve for future generations to enjoy that little which still remains of its ancient magnificence.

Salutes

While at Pharelon Bay the *Chester* fired four salutes. Besides the regular national salute of twenty-one guns, there were thirteen guns given to the Greek Rear Admiral, as Superintendent of Yards and Docks, and again when he made a personal visit to the ship. There was a fourth salute of seven guns given to the American Consul.

Social

The American Minister gave a luncheon to Captain Fairfield and three officers in Athens, and a dinner to the Captain and three officers was given jointly by the Greek ministers of marine and aviation, which was returned by the Captain. The American Consul General and wife gave a buffet supper and dance to twenty officers. The American Minister gave an official lunch to the Captain and three other officers, and finally the ship gave a tea dance to which there were ninety invited.

Italian Aviator Killed

On the first day of the visit of the *Chester* to Athens an Italian airplane squadron on tour gave an exhibition during which one aviator crashed and was killed. This sad event probably dampened social activities somewhat.

How to See Things

Chief Yeoman Henry C. Harris, of the *Chester,* put into play at Athens a scheme for sightseeing in strange places cheaply and without guide or interpreter that is so good that it is well to describe it here for the benefit of future cruises of Uncle Sam's warships abroad.

Harris bought a set of postcards of Athenian scenes. Spreading these before him, he picked out pictures of the places he wished to visit. Then he called an automobile and showed the chosen cards to the driver, who finally agreed to take Harris to every one of the places for a stipulated sum. In this way much money was undoubtedly saved.

The chauffeur spoke no word of English and Harris' knowledge of Greek starts with "Rrrrust Bif" and ends with "one scups scoffee" and "M and X" (ham and eggs). Nevertheless, every scene was visited. Harris would know what it was by consulting the appropriate picture. At each place he penciled notes on what he thought he saw and after returning to the ship, consulted a guidebook to round out his newly-acquired knowledge.

Such a plan should be cheaper and better than hiring the ordinary run of guides whose knowledge of English is usually limited, like the old interpreter-guide who showed Americans

through the dark dungeons of the Chateau, Brest, France, during the World War. The base of that old castle is of Roman brick and each architectural period left its traces step by step until after many centuries the massive feudal stronghold was completed. Yet, no matter what the old guide pointed out, his explanation was always the same: "Louis d' Fourteenth."

The Acropolis, Athens

CHAPTER 13

ANCIENT ATHENS

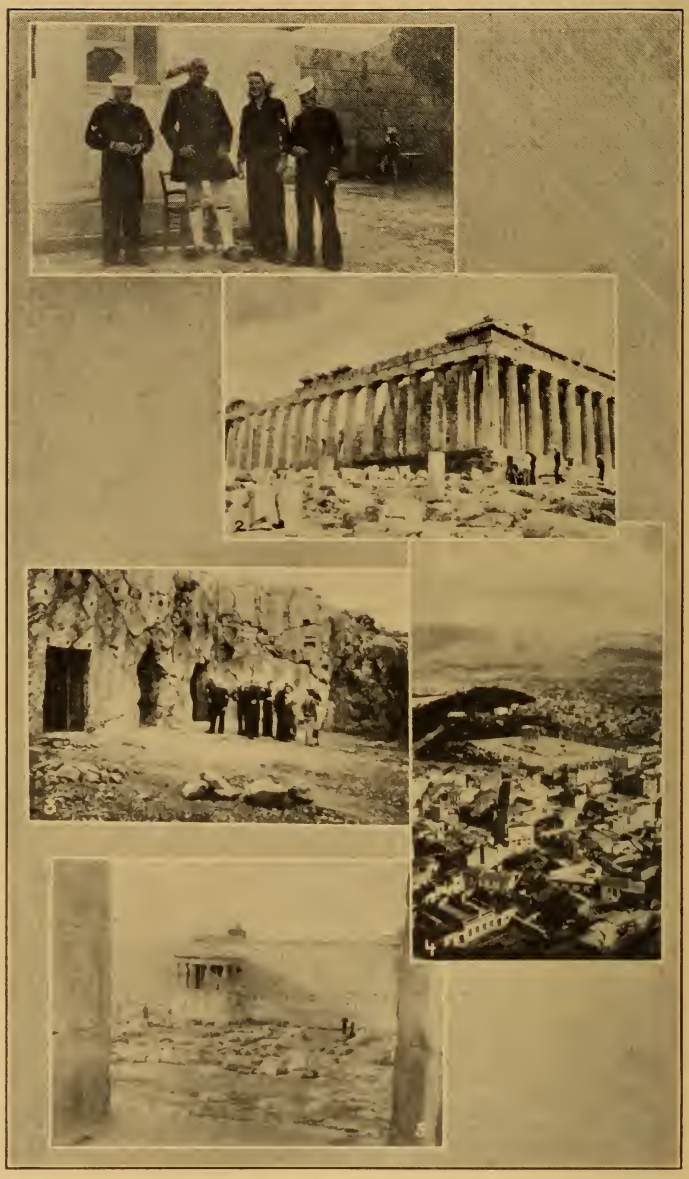
Centuries before the birth of Christ, ancient Athena, named from its patron goddess, was the center of civilization in Europe. Nothing but ruins and relics remain of that fine old city; but to see and ponder over them is a magnet that puts Athens on the itinerary of thousands of tourists from all over the world each year.

A brisk fifteen minutes' walk, or a brief ride in carriage or automobile along a broad, paved street that ascends gradually to its goal, brings one upon the scenes of wonderment.

The Acropolis

After negotiating a long flight of rugged stone steps at the opening hour for visitors, three o'clock, one enters through an arched gateway —all that now exists of a stately building on the outskirts of the Acropolis, the sacred hill of Athens, a hill of solid stone sheer perpendicular on three of its sides, upon which the original city was built for protection against attack. Later it became the sacred place where great temples to the gods were erected.

The next flight of steps leads to the crest



(1) One of the Old Guard, Athens. (2) Excellent view of Parthenon, Athens. (3)Tradition has it that this is the rock bound cell within which Socrates drank the fatal cup of hemlock, Athens. (4) Modern Athens encroaches upon the ancient ruins. (5) From Parthenon looking toward porch of the Six Maidens, Athens.

of Acropolis. The first point of interest is the Temple of Athena Victory, or Athena Nike' Temple, standing boldly on the very edge of one of the perpendicular sides of the hill and commanding a wide view of the city below. It is of the Ionic order, of Pentelic marble and has four stone columns in the front and four in the rear of the building. This building was demolished by the Turks but in 1835 it was restored, and is in fairly good condtion.

Between all of the ruined structures on the Acropolis the great rock cap is littered with blocks of hewn stone and marble capitals lying scattered where they fell, leaving no hint from whence they came or how they stood in the original scheme of things. Then, to the left is the Erechtheum (420 B. C.) erected upon the foundation of a temple that the Persians destroyed (480 B. C.). The Erechtheum (of Pentelic marble from a mountain 10 miles northwest of Athens), is especially known on account of its Porch of the Six Maidens, beautiful specimens of statuary arranged as supports for a roof. One of the six is a facsimile in terra cotta, the original figure having been stolen years ago.

Parthenon

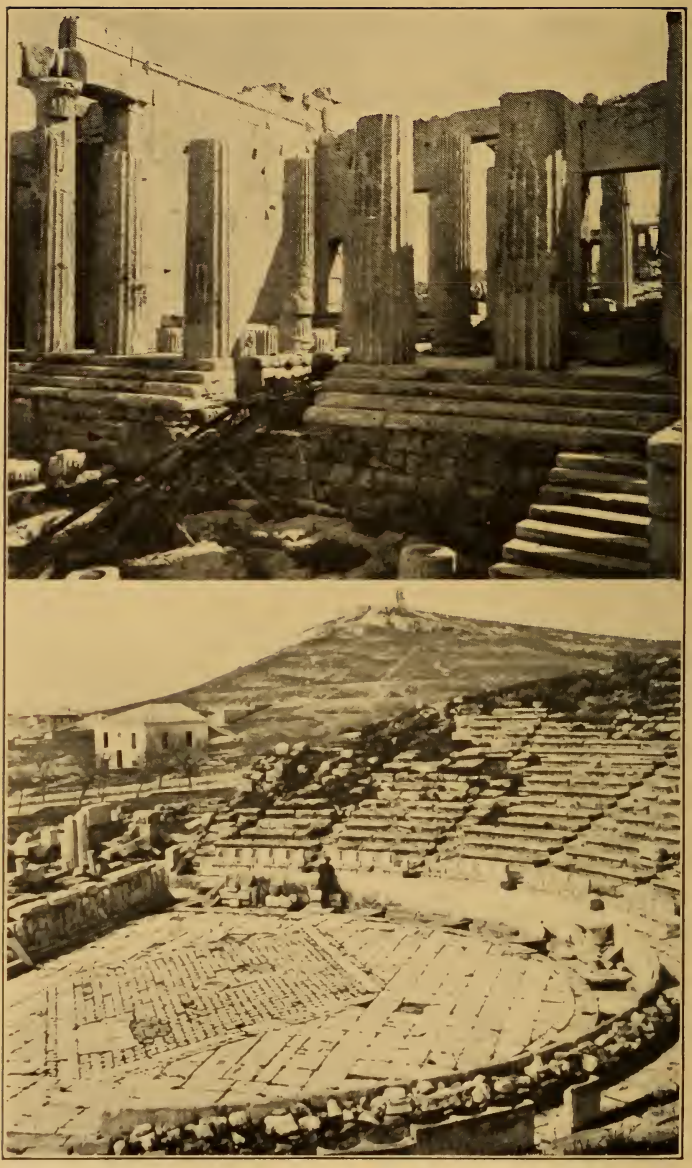
The Parthenon of Pericles is considered one of the most perfect examples of ancient art. The building stands on slightly higher ground than

(1) This bluejacket inspects the porch of the Six Maidens, ancient Athens. (2) A bit of the ancient Parthenon, Athens. (3) Side view Parthenon, Athens. (4) Modern statue, Athens. (5) The Royal Guard does a "Goose Step," Athens.—*Courtesy of Lieut. Ferris.* —*Pictures by Courtesy of John Papillon, RM 3c.*

the Erechtheum, is also of Pentelic marble and occupies the site of a sixth century temple. It dates from about 438 B. C.

Imagine forty-six tall Doric columns standing on a platform 228 feet long by 100 feet wide, forming the outer frame of the temple! The columns taper gradually to the top, with a slight convexity in the middle which gives them the appearance of grace and elastic strength. There were seventeen columns on either side and eight on each end, but some are now missing. The sanctuary was raised two steps above the base upon which the Doric columns rest, and its plan was a complete temple with six columns and a portico at each end. Space prevents further description of this gigantic structure. The Parthenon was converted into a Christian church in the fifth century A. D. and later into a mosque. When the Turks were besieged in the Acropolis by the Venetians, a bomb ignited powder stored in the sanctuary, and the Parthenon, pride of ancient Athens, fell into ruins. Many of its choice sculptures are now in the British Museum, London.

Close by and south of the Erechtheum are the ruins of the Hecatompedum, or hundred-foot temple, so called because of the exact length of its platform. It was remodeled in the sixth century, but was destroyed by the Persians in 480 B. C.



Within the Acropolis, Athens
Showing the steel rails over which material is being hauled during work of strengthening the ruins.

Theatre of Baccus, Athens

At the southwest corner of the Acropolis was built in the second century the Odeon of Herodes Atticus. It was similar to a Roman theatre, with a facade of three or four stories and is thought to have been roofed with cedar. It had five thousand marble-faced seats.

Theatre of Bacchus

Leaving the Acropolis entrance by the main road to Athens, there stands on the left, close to the road but sunken so as not to be particularly noticed, the old theatre of Dionysus. Originally of wood and unimportant, it was reconstructed of stone by Lycurgus in 330 B. C. It consisted of three parts, the scene building, orchestra and auditorium. It then had no stage, the acting being performed in the circular orchestra in front of the auditorium, which seated about seventeen thousand people. The honor seats, for the nobility, diplomats and the wealthy, still well preserved, formed the front row and were of marble. During the Roman period the orchestra was remodeled, a stage added and the scene building was adorned with exquisite columns, arches and statuary. The balustrade was ornamented with a particularly striking row of figures. This was also known as the Theatre of Bacchus.

Temple of Olympian Zeus

Seen from the road to Athens is the Temple of Olympian Zeus, which was the largest in the ancient world. Only fifteen remain erect out of one hundred and four Corinthian columns arranged in double row on each side and in a triple row at each end. This temple measured 354 feet long by 135 feet wide and 90 feet high when in its prime.

Skipping descriptions of many other famous ruins of ancient Athens, a word concerning the Stadium will close this chapter.

The Stadium

On the same road, closer to modern Athens, the ancient Stadium was first built about 330 B. C. without seats, the spectators arranging themselves along the sloping banks of the bowl. In the second century A. D. white marble seats were provided for fifty thousand persons. The length of the Stadium is about 770 feet. By the bequest of Mr. Giorgios Averoff, of Alexandria, the same benefactor who presented the Italian cruiser *Pisa* to Greece, the modern Stadium has been magnificently reconstructed and reseated at an expense of nearly $800,000. It is capable now of accommodating seventy thousand lovers of athletics, and while not so wide as the famous

Rose Bowl at Pasadena, California, any sort of field or track events can be played there except, perhaps, football. Marathon candidates were working out on the Stadium track while the *Chester* was there.

As is the case at Pompeii, practically all of the unique and valuable relics found in ancient Athens, as well as at Marathon, Mycenae, Sparta and other historically sempiternal centers of Greece are now safely sequestered in museums throughout the world.

National Archaeological Museum

In the splendid National Archaeological Museum, Athens, whole days may be profitably spent. With due application to the subjects, an education in Greek mythology and ancient history may thus be secured.

The Modern Cemetery at Athens

Before leaving modern Athens the principal cemetery should be visited. There can be no more peaceful and beautiful spot on earth. The tombs and monuments, particularly of the wealthier classes, are extremely artistic and full of expression.

It is said that during life many Greeks arrange for their tombs and sit for a sculptor so

that their features may faithfully represent them in marble long after death. In many cases the widow or other relatives of the deceased give a photograph of the departed to a sculptor who fashions a bust or statue from it for the tomb. There are many such busts and statues on the tombs in the Athens cemetery. Other statues depict scenes so realistic that one is sometimes forced to turn away to avoid tears.

"Take good care of our boy, papa," is spoken plainly in one particular group wherein the mother, dying, stretches forth a hand to baby in father's arms.

Go through the cemetery at Athens and you emerge with a new soul.

But the day is done. The ship sails for Gibraltar tonight where there are other things to see.

The cruiser left Phaleron Bay for Gibraltar at two o'clock Saturday morning, September 27.

CHAPTER 14

AMERICAN CIVILIANS ABROAD

There are three quite distinct classes of Americans abroad, the transient tourist, the globe trotter and the resident. They may be easily recognized by watching their antics, or perhaps actions is the better word, when in contact with their own sailors in foreign ports, and the contrast of types is interesting, amusing and instructive.

All of them are proud of their ships, their flag, their dollar bills and themselves, but as to their bluejackets and marines the classes divide, and are visible.

Since there exists no such thing as compulsory military service in the United States, sailors are recruited principally from the bourgeois, or commercial, and the proletarian, or working, classes. It is to these very classes that short tours to Europe appeal. Many skimp and save for months and even years for the great adventure, finally to sally forth from Main Street with proud chins aloft, trying to appear nonchalant, worldly wise, aristocratic. In a foreign port they shun the uniformed sons of their own class.

Not so with the sophisticated American globe

trotter. Generally well in funds, he cares not a whit for the ephemeral tourists about him. Spending much of his life in countries wherein every healthy man must serve the colors for a time—where the merest camp cook may be a scion of the blue and purple and is treated with respect—the globe-trotting American accepts the bluejacket as a friend and often mingles with him in his hours ashore to give him a good time. He enjoys their spirited company.

Americans living abroad, the third classification, are always friendly and will voluntarily go out of their way to show a place of interest to a sailor, or to help at a bit of shopping.

Ex-Navy Men Living Abroad

A surprisingly large number of ex-Navy men live permanently abroad. While at Piraeus two of them visited the C. P. O. quarters on the *Chester,* one retired after thirty years of service and the other out on sixteen. In the way of illustrating the value of Naval training in after life it may be said that the man referred to as retired from the United States Navy recently made a cool $3,500 on a private venture in launching a ship in a Piraeus yard after the launching gear had broken down. He succeeded after German and Italian experts had tried and failed. In other words, he used his "Navy bean"!

Confidence in Our Sailors

It is amusing to note the childish confidence some American tourists have in the ability of their sailors to accomplish miracles whenever the string is pulled. For example: A dog was taken suddenly with a violent spasm of fits in front of a prominent hotel in Rome. Eric Whitman, Chief Aviation Pilot on the *Chester,* happened by and stood watching the poor brute in its agony. Dog lover and breeder himself, he knew the impossibility of helping this one in an illness that must take its course.

Up rushed an American woman, eyes aflame in righteous indignation. "You, a man—you're an American sailor, aren't you?" She screamed at him and tugged rigorously at his coat. "Then why, oh why, why, why don't you show it, why don't you help that poor animal?"

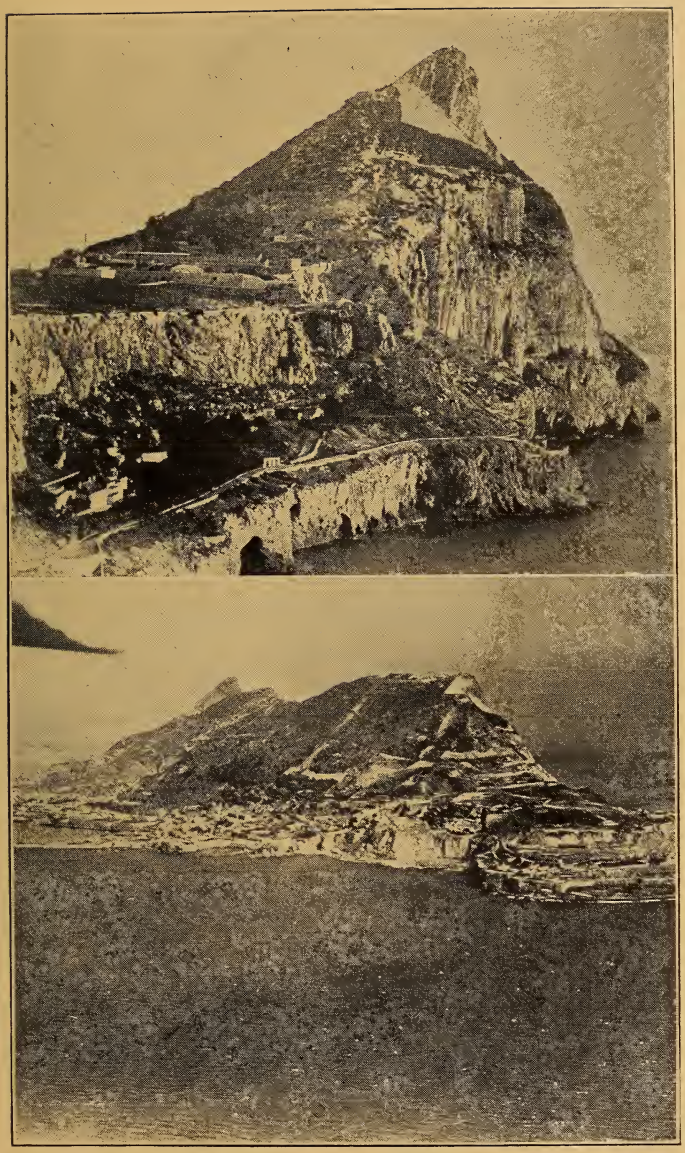
"Lady," replied Whitman suavely. "I can't do a thing for him, but you may if you want to. You have my permission."

About that time the dog was whirling like a Dervish, foaming at the mouth and curling its lips, exposing long, ugly, sharp fangs.

The girl took another look, then turning away her head sheepishly, said: "I—I don't believe I can either."

Presently the fit flit and the dog fled joyously away. Whitman strolled on.

Even a Yankee sailor cannot be expected to tackle a maddened dog bare-fisted, unless, of course, another human life be in immediate danger.



GIBRALTAR

CHAPTER 15

GIBRALTAR

The cruiser *Chester* anchored off Ragged Staff Landing, Gibraltar, at 8 A. M., Wednesday, October 1, 1930, for a visit that proved all too brief.

Gibraltar is British territory, and is a peninsula extending southward to within eight miles of the opposite coast of Morocco, in North Africa. It comprises the Rock itself and the North Front, a low, sandy plain extending a short distance to the mainland of Spain. A fine automobile road connects the Rock with Spain through neutral ground, a sort of no-man's land, where English and Spanish sentries face each other only a short distance apart.

Gibraltar points almost due south. Its area is 1 7/8 miles. It is 2 3/4 miles long, 3/4 mile wide, and its highest point is 1,396 feet above sea level. The Spanish call it El Cuerpo because of its likeness to a human corpse laid out in a shroud.

Geologists claim that Europe and Africa were united at one time, until a volcanic cataclysm formed the Straits which extend for thirty miles, varying in width up to twenty-five miles. The Rock was referred to by the ancients as Mons Calpe. A similar pile on the opposite African

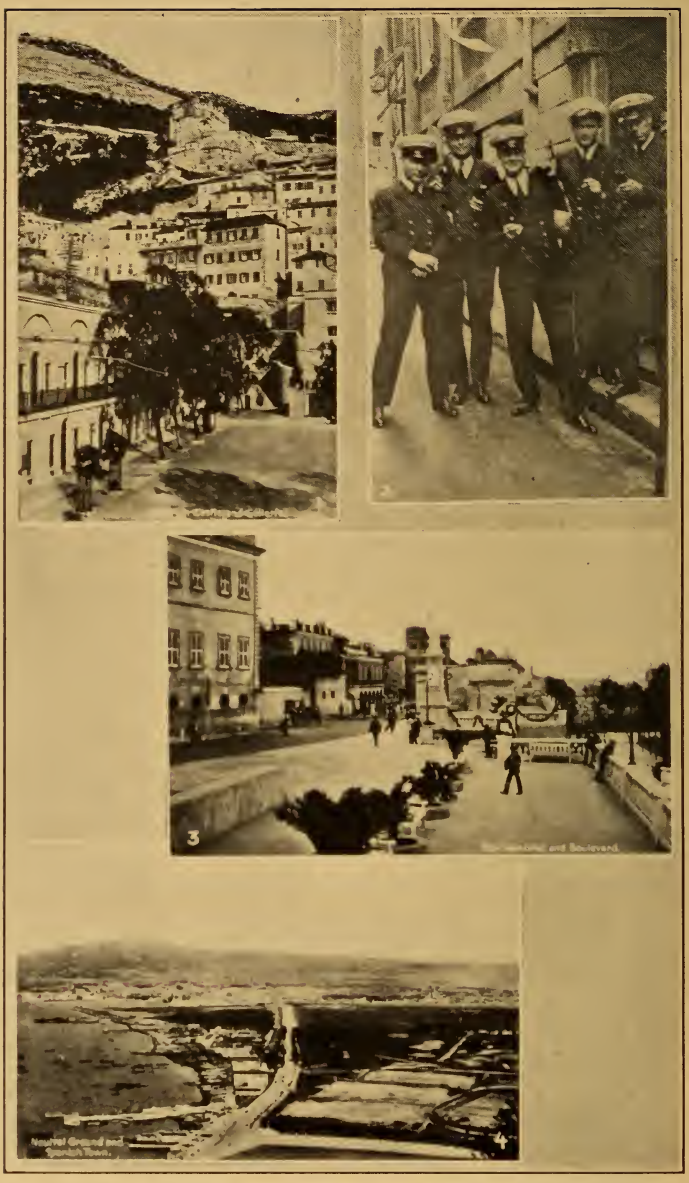
coast was Mons Abyla, while the two were known as the Pillars of Hercules, for centuries the extreme westward limit of navigation, until Christopher Columbus broke all superstitions on that score.

In the past the then barren rock was thickly wooded, giving a home to three hundred species of birds and to a variety of large apes which still live there. Since these apes are unknown elsewhere in Europe it is popularly believed that they came originally from Barbary by a natural tunnel under the Straits by which their dead are transported, as neither skin nor skeleton has ever been found.

The city is divided into a North Town and South Town, the former being the most important commercially, although the South Town is far more picturesque, containing many pretentious homes in the midst of extensive gardens.

Gibraltar is a British Crown Colony with an executive council. Legislative power is vested solely with the governor, who is also commander-in-chief of the fortress. Queen Anne decreed it a free port in 1706 and it became a city in 1842. Census returns of some years ago placed the population at fourteen thousand citizens or natives, three thousand other British subjects, three thousand soldiers, five hundred and fifty sailors and eighteen hundred aliens.

A hard, brackish water known as sanitary



(1) Moorish Castle and Galleries. (2) A little beverage in Gibraltar. (3) War Memorial and Boulevard. (4) Neutral ground and Spanish town.

water, used for flushing, street cleaning and fire extinguishing, is pumped from wells sunk in 1868 on the North Front into reservoirs 523 feet above sea level from whence it is distributed by gravitation. The pumping stations are said to be bomb proof. The only water available for drinking is rain collected into tanks under the houses from specially reserved roofs, supplemented by that conveyed from prepared catchment areas into reservoirs blasted out of the solid rock. Should both sources become exhausted, recourse may be had to condensing machinery erected in 1906 capable of distilling twelve thousand gallons per day.

Turbulent History of Gibraltar

The history of the Rock of Gibraltar has been turbulent.

As far back as 1100 B. C. the neighboring countryside was occupied by the Phoenicians, succeeded in time by Carthaginians, the Vandals and the Romans. The powerful Arian Christian Kingdom established by the Visigoths in Spain, A. D. 418, had, by the year 710, weakened. Count Julian, governor of Ceuta, of great wealth and influence, in order to avenge a dishonor suffered by his family through the machinations of King Roderick, retired into Africa and conspired with the Saracen governor of North Africa,

who thereupon dispatched a force of one hundred horse and four hundred foot troops under command of Tarif-abu-Zarah. This force overran the country around the Rock. A force of twelve thousand additional troops under Tarik-Ibn-Zeyad, landed on the peninsula in April, 711, built a castle, and named the Rock Gibel-Tarik, hence Gibraltar. Tarik was everywhere successful against the Christians and it required thirty-five hundred subsequent battles to rout them out again. It was eight hundred years before Spain regained its footing and drove the Moors away.

Sieges

Gibraltar has undergone fourteen sieges. In 1704 the English, under Admiral Rooke, took possession after three days of fighting. Then came the greatest siege of them all. The Spaniards made such extraordinary preparations that success for them seemed inevitable. The siege began on the 21st of June, 1779, and ended February 2, 1783, with the British still in possession. On September 13, 1782, a simultaneous attack by land and sea commenced. The combined French and Spanish fleets, comprising fifty warships under ten admirals, ranged up in support of ten specially constructed battering ships, which, armed with 212 cannon and 5,260 men, anchored within a thousand yards of King's

Bastion. This force was supported on land by stupendous batteries mounting 200 pieces of heavy artillery and by an army of 40,000 men. The Gibraltar defendants numbered only 7,000 men and 96 cannon, but so effective was the red-hot shot used that the battering ships were blown up. The grand attack failed utterly. The British loss was 1,231 men. Spain and France lost 6,000, and the cost to Spain was more than twelve million dollars.

Fortifications

Since taking possession of Gibraltar England has spent millions of pounds sterling in an endeavor to insure the impregnability of the fortress. The north and east surfaces of the mountain have been cut to a deep slope where necessary, to render access on those sides impossible. The lower batteries have been dismantled, and others, armed with the heaviest of modern ordnance, with attached bomb-proof magazines blasted out of solid rock, have been built upon higher levels. The harbor can protect a fleet of over fifty ships from torpedo attack.

Old Galleries

The old fortifications may be visited by tourists, and are an astounding system of galleries cut through the rock parallel with the outer cliffs, inboard about fifteen feet. These passage-

ways connect a long string of gun emplacements about twenty feet apart, through which the old-fashioned cannon, many of which are still in place, could sweep the bay and protect the North Front from a land attack.

At one point in a trip through the subterranean galleries a side path leads to the old Moorish castle, or Tower of Homage, the interior of which is arranged with no inkling of symmetry. From this tower a splendid view of the bay and city can be had.

Gibraltar is essentially military, but at various points about the city are magnificent gardens, and the old English style of architecture is charming, reminding one of Southampton. It being a free port, there is every opportunity to purchase the things that appeal most to tourists at reasonable prices and this was taken ample advantage of by the men of the *Chester*.

Limeys and Yanks Fraternize

The British and American sailors got along splendidly together. The English petty officers extended the courtesies of their club to American petty officers, as will be seen by the letter quoted herewith. This was the only invitation received by the *Chester's* petty officers during the entire cruise, and was highly appreciated and taken advantage of.

ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS SERGEANTS' MESS
Town Range, Gibraltar

30th September, 1930.

Dear Sir:

I have been instructed by the members of the above mess to extend to the chief and petty officers and equivalent rank of U. S. Marine of the U. S. S. *Chester* a hearty invitation for them to consider themselves honorary members of the mess during the period of their stay in this port.

My members have issued a challenge to their guests to take part in games of billiards, snooker, darts, etc., on Thursday evening, 2nd October, 1930, and I hope it will be convenient for this challenge to be taken up.

The bar is open from 6 P. M. to 11 P. M. daily. A piano is in the mess for the use of anyone who cares to play it.

Yours sincerely,
S. H. HEWITT, President,
Mess Entertainments Committee.

To: The Master-at-Arms,
U. S. S. *Chester,*
at Gibraltar.

MONEY EXCHANGE

The exchange rate on money at Gibraltar was normal, the English pound sterling bringing $4.87 each. This was the only place visited wherein money was at par.

Activities Socially

There were a number of cordial social events held in honor of the *Chester* at Gibraltar, notwithstanding the brevity of her stay there.

The Governor gave a lunch for Captain Fairfield and Commander Abbett at his summer cottage. Rear Admiral, the Superintendent of the Dockyard, held a formal dinner for the Captain and six officers. The American Consul gave a delightful picnic lunch. And in return for the foregoing hospitality, the *Chester* gave a tea dance.

The warrant officers entertained at dinner and were given the privileges of the British Warrant Officers Club. In fact, all known clubs in Gibraltar extended privileges to officers of the ship.

The chief justice invited Captain Fairfield and four officers to tea and bridge, but time did not permit acceptance.

Seaplanes at Gibraltar

Lieutenant Pate and Brinkley, AMM 1c, made a catapult seaplane flight while the ship was at Gibraltar and surface flights were made by Lieutenants Griffin and Johnson.

Departure

The *Chester* left Gibraltar shortly after midnight, Saturday, October 4, with the city of Chester, Pennsylvania, as her next and final port of call for the shakedown cruise.

CHAPTER 16

GIBRALTAR TO CHESTER

Tuesday, October 7, while the good ship sped westward toward home, her guns were given their baptism of fire. The good luck that had been hers during the entire cruise, together with excellent work by the gun crews which had been under the able tutelage of Lieutenant Commander Royal, Lieutenant Crenshaw, Chief Gunner Whitaker, Chief Gunner's Mate Carroll and Chief Turret Captain Horn, combined to make the firing tests of the turret guns a complete success. That was in the morning. In the afternoon came the turn of the 5-inch anti-aircraft batteries. They, too, scored perfectly, success being due to the able training of Lieutenant Ferris, U. S. N., Lieutenant Cutts, U. S. M. C., and Gunnery Sergeant Letcher.

During the gun firing no one was injured, and even though all nine of the turret guns blazed away in mighty salvo, only a few minor casualties, such as broken lamp globes, occurred.

An Enviable Radio Record

The World Series baseball reports were received play by play by voice from a high fre-

quency broadcasting station in the United States while the ship was more than two thousand miles at sea, the receiving set being one made by one of the radio men.

An enviable radio record was hung up by the *Chester* throughout the cruise. Due to distance and time, recourse was had to high frequency service with complete success. At no time was the ship out of radio touch with the Navy Department in Washington, although at times messages for that point were sent to either the Navy Radio Station, Peking, China, or the one at Cavite, P. I., for relay. The latter stations were always quick to answer on schedule hours.

The success of the radio was due to the able management of Lieutenant Hartt, communica-

These are the Radio Material men who keep the *Chester's* apparatus in order. Left to right: Chief Radio Electrician Des Rosier, Smith, Light, Bottom and Boley. Light and Boley are graduates of the Navy's crack Radio Laboratory at Bellevue, D. C.

tion officer, Chief Radio Electrician Des Rosier, who was assistant radio officer, and to Chief Radioman Light, in charge of transmitters and other apparatus. Chief Radioman Beach had charge of communications.

While as far east as Constantinople, the *Chester* acted as relay for messages to and from the cruisers *Houston,* in the English Channel, and *Northampton,* in the western Mediterranean, all three ships being on their shakedown cruises.

Many compliments were paid the *Chester's* radio service by men who had filed messages for the homeland. One example of quick service stands out among the others. Chief Whitman filed a radiogram at 2 A. M. September 17. It was delivered to his home at Mt. Vernon, New York, at 9:30 P. M. September 16. Allowing for seven hours difference in time between Constantinople and Mt. Vernon, this means that the elapsed time of transmission, including land telegraph between Washington and destination and messenger to street address, was only two and one-half hours.

Furthermore, curiously, this radiogram was filed in the year 1938, according to the Turkish calendar, and delivered in 1930, according to ours.

Oil and Water

The cruiser *Chester* can carry 914,638 gallons of fuel oil, but will probably never be called upon to fuel to full capacity. Figuring the shake-down cruise as having begun when the warship left Philadelphia, she had been under way close to 782 hours and at anchor 820 hours by the end of the great voyage. While under way about 841,000 gallons of fuel were consumed and 76,000 gallons were burned while riding at anchor. At Constantinople an additional 151,000 gallons were taken on. The above figures are not official, but they are close enough for the purpose of giving an insight into the subject.

There are two plants on board for distilling sea water into fresh. They are not called upon to work at the same time, although they may do so. Each of the evaporators has a normal capacity of 833 gallons of fresh water per hour, which can be increased to 1,558 gallons should emergency arise. There was always an ample supply for all purposes.

A Cheery Word From the Captain

The *Chester* had passed the half-way mark in the Atlantic and was nosing down hill toward home when, Wednesday evening, October 8, Captain Fairfield caused the following message to all hands to be posted:

"The end of the *Chester's* shakedown cruise is in sight. In a few days we will join the Fleet. The ship has steamed upwards of 10,000 miles, not only without casualty, but with the smoothness of a ship that has been in commission for a long time. Officers and men have taken up their duties in new billets and in a surprisingly short time have become familiar with the ship and placed her on an efficient basis. The credit for this belongs to the entire personnel of the ship. I congratulate each and every one of you for the part you have played in producing results —results which I need hardly say, are most satisfactory to me."

The above message bespeaks the attitude of Captain Fairfield throughout the cruise, an attitude of consideration for their welfare that had much, if not all, to do with the cheery, loyal attitude of the crew on all occasions. And the *Chester* will be heard from, standing out like an evening star within that most brilliant constellation, the United States Navy.

Another cause of a contented crew during the shakedown cruise was the policy adopted by the paymaster, Lieutenant Shaffer. At every port visited the men were paid whatever money was due them. This insured the men funds, reduced borrowing to a minimum, and allowed many to enjoy shore liberty who would otherwise have had to stay on board because they happened to have spent their ready cash at the previous port.

Chester Encounters Rough Weather

From the day the Chester left Newport she had met with ideal weather conditions. In the Atlantic and in the Mediterranean it was the same. It had rained a time or two. That was all.

On the return trip from Gibraltar all went well until Wednesday, October 8. The ship was about midway when light clouds began to form, a few whitecaps appeared and that night there were lightning flashes in the distance.

The sea grew rougher Thursday, the sky darkened to a slate color matching an angry sea, while the wind freshened, spraying the decks with water it skimmed from the tip-tops of the waves. The ship's crew had to spread their supper before them on the decks because of the roll of the vessel.

By four o'clock Friday morning the barometer had dropped to 29.42, the wind tore through the rigging at a forty-mile clip, while the *Chester* rolled unmercifully, and life was a succession of laughter below when shipmates would lose their footing, or, as in the C. P. O. mess, chairs and diners fell over backward. However, by noon the barometer was slowly rising above 29.50, the sun grinned down humorously, and the boys felt at home again.

Considering her length and breadth and that she was running light, having used up much of

her fuel and stores, the *Chester* behaved beautifully during this, her first storm. Many old tars on board remarked that in all of their storm experiences on other ships they had never seen a ship so dry below decks.

Friday's usual "field day" was postponed until Saturday because of inclement weather, but when Saturday arrived the sea was still mad about something, so "inspection" was belayed entirely. Sunday was to have been devoted to cleaning up the ship for her home-coming on Monday, but the weather grew worse and all efforts to set things aright had to be abandoned, while the crew spent their spare moments in the immediate neighborhood of good, stout stanchions to hold on to.

"Jazz" Carroll Slides

At about eleven o'clock Sunday morning the ship was riding fairly well under the grilling circumstances when she suddenly keeled over about thirty-three degrees to port. Other chief petty officers were hanging on with a sort of "Home, Sweet Home, where art thou?" expression on their faces. Chief Gunner's Mate Carroll, however, caught unawares, started to fall with his chair. Catching himself, but unable to regain complete equilibrium, he skidded and hopped clear across the deck in the C. P. O. quarters, turned nimbly at the port bulkhead

and tripped lightly back, regaining his chair safely. He never cracked a smile. Then some wag called out: "Homerun for Carroll!" And the tensity of the moment broke under a general laugh.

The writer was banging out this chapter on his Remington portable at the time—hitting the keys, holding on to the table, retrieving slipping manuscript and laughing at Carroll, all at the same time. After that, he folded up his typewriter, like the Arab his tent, and tucked it safely away.

O'Donnell Worries

It had been since Tuesday that members of the general mess had eaten their meals at tables because of the stormy sea. Thomas "Mickey" O'Donnell looked pinched and ten years older as he paced up and down within the narrow confines of the carpenter shop, up and down, up and down, like another Felix.

"What's matter Mickey?"

"Gosh, here it is Sunday afternoon and we haven't eaten as much as an Irish spud except off the deck since last Tuesday."

"Well, Mickey, what of it?"

"I'm plumb anxious, that's what," answered the popular little shipfitter. "I'm near sick thinking of what may happen in Chester when all the crew are sitting around the big tables in

a swell place, with flowers and nice folks—girls and such—all around, and a big feed before 'em, and then the mayor or toastmaster or someone gets up and says: 'Now boys go right to it. Feel perfectly at home. Act just as though you were on the *Chester* away out at sea.' Gee, I hate to think of what'll happen."

"Well?"

"Wow! They'll all grab their mess gear and handfulls of turkey and duck to the deck, under the tables. Lawd I wish this storm hadn't come when it did!"

An hour later he still paced on, worried.

Bulletins

A day or two before reaching each of its ports of call in Europe, Captain Fairfield would have a bulletin posted in conspicuous places about the ship, giving a description of the port, its points of interest, its relics, ruins, money values, and so forth. These bulletines were much appreciated and the crew had become accustomed to seeing them.

Here it is, late Sunday. The cruiser approaches Delaware breakwater. The city of Chester is only a few hours distant. No bulletin yet. The crew waxes anxious.

Ah, here is one that someone has posted; not, of course, the Captain:

Prosit

The last port of our shakedown cruise will be a small port on the Delaware River which attained immortal fame by having let George Washington cross it on strategetically placed icebergs. This port is called Chester and the crew must be very careful of its conduct ashore as the inhabitants are extremely sensitive.

A funny thing about these people is that they wear American clothes, speak right good English and serve American chow. Their theatres, too, are in the American style and are rather interesting. The actors are really quite funny at times.

There is plenty of liquid refreshment, some of it known as "bootleg." This latter is well brewed, being mainly composed of gasoline with a few razor blades mixed in. Sometimes headaches follow in its wake.

A little further up the river is a place familiarly known as "Philly"—Philadelphia, to be exact. Short-time excursions to Philadelphia will be patronized by most of the crew, as the city is very interesting. Many ruins are to be found there, some dating back to 15 B. B. (Before Butler). There is also a large park where the American sailor (now a rare type) used to promenade with beautiful damsels, to quote soft, Oriental poetry, superinduced, it is thought, by a sympathetic quart of synthetic gin imported from Jersey shores.

For those who have plenty of money there is another swell hamlet, called New York, where one may be amused in many different ways,

among them being: Standing at Forty-second and Broadway, strolling up the beautiful Riverside Drive, or going to Central Park.

The *Chester* is to be in port three days and it is hoped that the crew will take every opportunity to partake of the excellent cuisine, fine liquors and marvelous amusements.

It is reported that Chester is not very safe at night. Fortunately there are several among us who have visited this port before and they will be called upon to act as guides.

The rate of exchange is 100 cents for an American dollar.

Trusting that all will have a nice time, I am,

Very balmily,

Cuckoo.

Heard the Night Before

"Wonder what the rate of exchange will be in Chester?"

"Dunno, unless its cameos and Spanish shawls."

CHAPTER 17

THE *CHESTER'S* ATHLETICS

By Lieutenant Charles A. Bond
Athletic Officer of the *Chester*

One day in the Navy Yard, New York, word was passed for all athletic candidates to "Lay up ter de port cattypolt." Accordingly, and of course, everyone laid down their swabs, fire extinguishers, lifeboat falls, and so forth, and gathered around the silo to proffer their services to the everlasting athletic glory of the *Chester*. What a turnout! Boxers, baseballers, musicians, basketballers and mexicanners, lined up, looking for all the world like a company of drafted men reporting in. But still they looked pretty good, and there was plenty of material.

Then the shakedown cruise started.

On the way over the big puddle the boxers were wrestling on the fantail and the big leaguers were losing balls over the side with alarming regularity. But there wasn't exactly an athlete's Heaven aboard. We had to realize that the ship had to shake down first and then the muscle boys could come in. And there was plenty of ship to shake down! Those decks had to shine a little whiter, the paintwork wanted a little elbow

grease and we had to dig out the brightwork. In other words, the first thing to do was to look like a man-o'-warsman and then BE one.

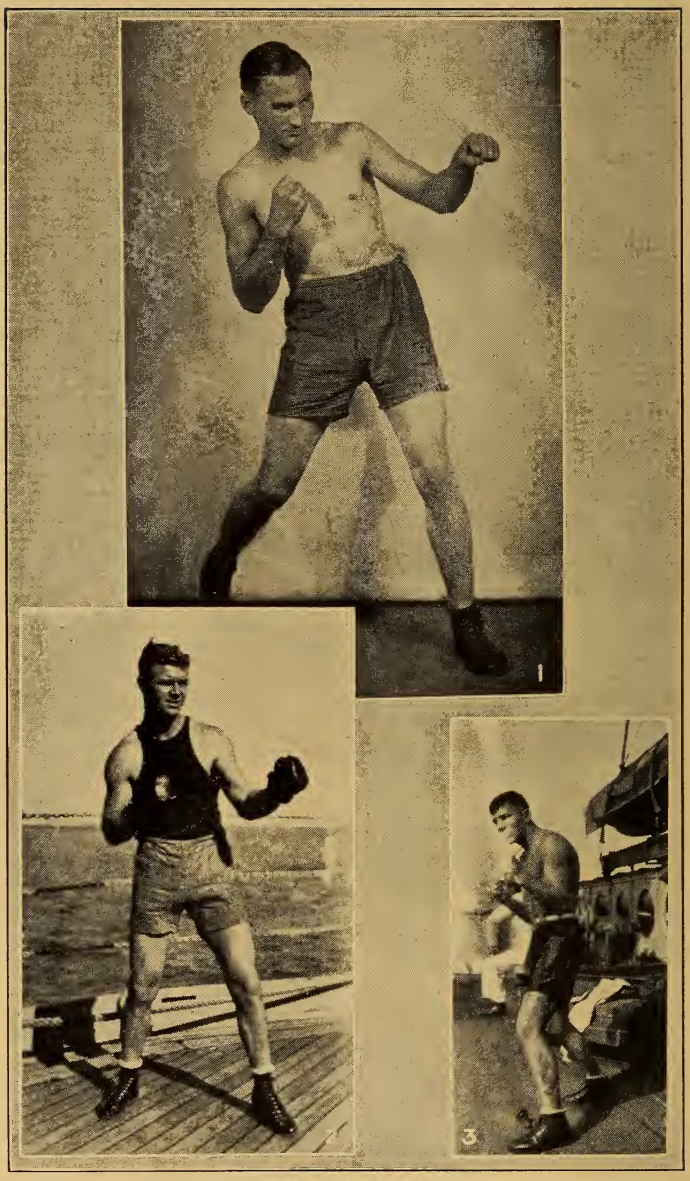
Not having any baseball diamonds on board (an oversight in naval construction), we didn't get much infield practice on the way over. Also, we held the batting practice up until we got abroad. But one day, at Barcelona, a nice little fellow elbowed his way through the jam of admiring senoritas and challenged us to a game of baseball with the best ball team in Spain. That kind of floored us, as we weren't looking for too much competition right off the bat. But we couldn't get out of this one. So we got the rabble together, took a bookay (Spanish for boat, I think) to the beach, and ankled around to the local ball club. What a game!

Those grand old Spanish customs are O. K. They served wine between each inning, but us boys stuck to aqua (water). They didn't savvy the game so well. For instance, they threw the ball at the runner instead of the bases. They didn't like gloves. To catcher was the only one on the team who had any leather on him, and that was all he wore! "Que hombres," as they say in ole Spain, or words of similar import. The first baseman played outside of the foul line, so he could catch 'em on the first bounce. And they couldn't understand this four balls walk proposition. Otherwise, and considering that they were

the only team in Barcelona, and I think, in Spain, they put up mighty good baseball. Quick as a flash, they would get all excited—all same bull fight—but were good sports the whole time. We had our pictures taken, autographed a couple of baseballs, and went home with wine about our waistcoats, as the Whistlewania volunteers say, and on the big end of a 19 to 3 score, or approximately that.

We have some good baseballers on this bucket. There are some names that are going to be mentioned often in Fleet baseball. Among them are Buchanan, the pitching cook, who learned baseball throwing spuds at mess cooks; Corporal Ripp, the twirling Gyrene, who can make a ball do the barrel roll and a loop between the mound and the mitt; Murphy, the catching watertender —the ball doesn't pass him without a passport; Wade, the slim second baseman, who grabs 'em east or west; Levy, a flash shortstop; McCombs, a hard-hitting centerfielder, and well, I haven't room for the whole team just now.

There was no baseball in Naples, nor any other sports. The boys were too busy heaving the spaghett and sightseeing. Besides, the Italians don't go in so heavy for our sports. However, some of the boys kept in training by running up Vesuvius, arguing with taxi drivers, putting their feet on the bar rails, and knocking the local signorine for a loop.



CHESTER Boxers

(1) Steve Chovin; (2) Joseph F. (Freddie) Brayman; (3) Paul L. Breakton.

Hence to Constantinople. This marks the official beginning of two sports, boxing and basketball. Picture a Turkish theatre with a ring in the center, jammed with Turks and sailors, smoke soaring in lazy layers and the funny language those people use. Then, an hour after it was supposed to start, one of our lads gets into the ring and talks to himself for fifteen minutes or so. "They will get all excited if you rush them," says the manager, a mighty fine Turk who promotes the fights. And so we sat around and waited for the Thanksgiving birds to calm down. Finally the fights started. And what a time! They have a bunch of rules that correspond to our amateur rules, about no cheering during the fighting, which was pretty hard for us to take. Then they had funny definitions for a rabbit punch which almost caused a riot. It was a strictly amateur affair and the Turks displayed a sportsmanship rarely encountered in these days of dollars and cents. The decisions were mostly against us, but were mighty good decisions all the way around, and our lads put up a good fight considering the lack of really hard training. When we once get started, there is no doubt to the fact that we will cop a belt or two in the next year. Funny shot! Criscuolo gets excited when he fell down and the other bird took a poke at him by mistake, upon which Cris forgets all his English and starts yelling to

the French judge about the Turk swinging at him, an American, and talking in his most emphatic Italian. The same Cris fell on his head on a stone deck from a height of four or five feet. The other fellow fell on him, and he was able to get back into the ring with a broad grin on his face.

Jimmy Hackley, whom many will remember, is captaining the team. Jimmy took the Battle Fleet featherweight belt in 1923 and has been tackling the great outside for six years, and is now back again with an ominous gleam in his eye. We have a light heavyweight aboard who can work his fists and feet—all same wildcat—by the name of Brayman, and when you have such a combination of weight and speed, look out! Chovin is a little lightweight who looks pretty in the ring, and then there is a young electrician's mate, Breakton, who you may have heard of.

In Constantinople we opened the basketball season with what is hoped to be the beginning of a really wicked squad. Nine of the boys answered the rally and went over to the local Y. M. C. A. and there had a tussle with a nice bunch of young Turks. The Turks outfitted the *Chester's* gang in proper togs, we having no basketball gear on board other than a ball and some shoes. Outside of the fact that the clothes fitted like tents, all was O. K. The referee no

could spik Ingelish and had to do all his talking with his hands, which is a good old custom over in Europe. The crowd of spectators, all Turks, cheered lustily for us, and whenever there was a decision adverse to us they gave their local lads the boo, and vice versa. The scorekeeper was their coach and gave all signals for the attack from the side lines while keeping score. We found that out in the half and after that one of the sailors would stand in front of him when he was handing out the signals, so we did a lot better in the second half. Those Turks are fine sports, the kind of people with whom you like to play just for the fun of being around. The score at the half was 19 to 2 against us. The game ended 43 to 28, which seems to me to be a slight improvement. And thus the first practice; the first game.

We had a couple of baseball games in Constantinople, too. The first, with the famous Roberts College, was a most enjoyable affair. Our "enemy" could only last six innings. I think that the game was a stall to get us out there for a little fun, than which there was never more of. About two-thirds of their players were Americans, and the rest other foreigners. We took what game there was, 19 to 7. As everywhere else, they were a fine crowd who made us feel at home.

The other game was with a local American

team which included some real big leaguers who gave us a tough time of it. It was the best game of the cruise. The trouble was that they served beer every inning. Toward the end some of our boys thought they were playing volleyball. The locals made all their runs in the last inning. The game ended a very satisfactory 8 to 3. We still no loosee.

There was only one more sporting event during the cruise, a baseball game at Athens, a little city near the Acropolis. We never could figure out what it was all about when some guy came aboard to take us out to the field, but we followed him around for seventeen or eighteen miles in local gulley-jumpers, got lost, and got back to town in time for a nice little party. Besides, they didn't have any pitcher, or catcher, or first baseman; so it was just as well.

When we look back over these European sporting events there seems to be more party to it than game, which pleased us immensely. You don't have to work so hard and it is a lot more fun talking about the game than playing it, when cold beer is within call.

Quite naturally, there are some sports that did not have a tryout on the cruise. As I look over the names, there are a number of old race-boat men aboard who will be eyeing their blades soon and just naturally grab a thwart and start rowing. Hefty lads, too, with deep chests, lots

of hair and plenty of bicep and back. Just a few warm mornings and they will burst forth.

Rifle shooting is an up-and-coming sport. One of the crack shots of the Marine Corps, and therefore, of the whole world, more or less, fills the post of Marine Officer on the *Chester,* First Lieutenant Cutts. Once that target finds out a *Chester* rifle is aiming at it, it will just naturally get bored to death. A 22-rifle gallery is already started in the port hangar space and while it is primarily for gunnery training, from the way some of the boys have been punishing that bulls-eye, there will be a crack bunch out for the Fleet competition in the springtime.

All of the time there are lads running around to start this and start that, and it has been pretty hard to hold them in, as the ship is still in the shakedown status as regards athletic equipment, which costs plenty of money. But there is the enthusiasm and the spirit and even though we may have to send out some dungaree teams, they will be out there fighting away at a great rate.

So now we've shook down, the ship's gunnery, engineering, communications and athletics. We have not done so much to point to; we have simply gotten together, learned who else is on this bucket, dug up some real shipmates, called it a home already, and now we have started to roll up shirt sleeves and get down to brass tacks. Whether it be station keeping, steaming, shoot-

ing, maneuvering, at anchor, or on the athletic field, we are ready to take our due place in the United States Fleet. Our head is up, our shoulders back. We will get a thrill when we join the Fleet, and the Fleet will get one after that. And on those fields at Guantanamo let us get our ship's name on everyone's lips—"There comes the *Chester!*"

CHAPTER 18

TO FEED THE CREW

During the first full quarter of a year in commission it cost 49 1/3 cents per man per day to feed the crew, which is close reckoning, because the regulation allowance is fifty cents. During that period there were 50,082 rations allowed. Now, a ration here means three square meals, so it will be seen that actually 150,246 single portions were consumed. The quantities of various staple articles issued during the quarter ended September 30, 1930, on board the *Chester* were as follows:

Biscuit	438 lbs.
Bread, fresh	12,004 lbs.
Flour	34,969 lbs.
Meat, preserved	4,401 lbs.
Meat, smoked	8,784 lbs.
Meat, fresh	44,992 lbs.
Eggs	3,844 lbs.
Vegetables, dried	4,140 lbs.
Vegetables, canned	8,912 lbs.
Vegetables, fresh	108,213 lbs.
Cereals, rice, etc.	2,626 lbs.
Tomatoes, canned	2,481 lbs.
Fruit, dried	474 lbs.
Fruit, canned	5,897 lbs.
Fruit, preserved	4,874 lbs.
Fruit, fresh	18,768 lbs.
Lard	3,396 lbs.
Cocoa	210 lbs.

Coffee	4,433 lbs.
Tea	514 lbs.
Milk, evaporated	5,385 lbs.
Milk, fresh	60 lbs.
Butter	3,515 lbs.
Cheese	689 lbs.
Macaroni	275 lbs.
Mustard	47 lbs.
Pepper	107 lbs.
Pickles and kraut	1,915 lbs.
Salt	2,100 lbs.
Sirup	161 gals.
Spices	31 lbs.
Sugar	11,864 lbs.
Tomatoes (not canned)	1,235 lbs.
Vinegar and sauce	483 gals.
Baking powder	81 lbs.
Extracts, flavoring	11 gals.
Yeast	407 lbs.

The uninitiated may be astounded at some of the above figures, but let us compare some of them with the average battleship's consumption. The *Chester* used 3,515 pounds of butter, a battleship would use approximately 8,800 pounds; the *Chester* used 11,864 pounds of sugar, battleship approximately 30,100 pounds; coffee, 4,400 pounds instead of 11,550 pounds; cheese, 698 pounds rather than 1,050 pounds, and so on. And few housewives would attempt to feed hubby on 49 1/3 cents a day.

There are five separate messes on the *Chester*. The Captain's individual mess, the wardroom officers' mess, the warrant officers' mess, the chief petty officers' mess, and the crew's general

mess. Lieutenant Commander Goss (MC) was the first caterer of the wardroom mess, Chief Pay Clerk Roberson (SC) was first caterer of the warrant officers' mess, and Chief Boatswain's Mate Griffin was the first to take charge of the chiefs' mess.

MAYOR TURNER GREETS CAPTAIN FAIRFIELD ON THE DOCK

It was rather early for visitors, and the Captain was making an inspection at the time. It was also chilly.

— Courtesy of "Philadelphia Evening Bulletin."

CHAPTER 19

OFFICIAL END OF CRUISE

Officers and men of the *Chester* were up with the lark to meet the sun, Monday, October 13th. They were close to home again; their wives and sweethearts awaiting. It required but a short time to put the ship in order. Then "quarters" sounded, and the whistles of oil refineries and tankers moored at Marcus Hook screeched and growled, hissed, sputtered and sang a discordant nightmare of greetings. Just ahead could be seen the outlines of the city of Chester.

Difficult Docking

It had been planned to dock the warship at the exact moment of high tide. The ship was on time to a second. Unfortunately, at the precise moment that she should have started to swing toward her berth at the splendid dock of the Ford Motor Company's plant, a slow freighter passed. As a result of this, the *Chester* turned a trifle too late and approached the pier at an acute angle with a powerful current against her. This was at 11:30 A. M. Then ensued a hard fight to warp the ship alongside the dock, during which five tugs, a steam winch of the big freighter

S. S. *Lancaster,* lying on the other side of the dock, and a Reading Railroad engine (No. 1392), united their efforts. Four of the tugs, the *Modoc, Samoset, Wm. J. Donaldson* and *R. M. Shanklin,* side by side, pushed close to the *Chester's* stern while the tug *Caspian* pulled with all her might and main. An 8-inch manila line was attached to the railroad engine on the dock, through a heavy pulley, but it promptly parted, and that sort of pulling was abandoned. Finally a steel cable was run over to a steam winch on the *Lancaster.* Slowly, then, the warship was warped in and berthed safely. The struggle had lasted three hours.

There were no official ceremonies Monday. A number of visitors, the advance guard of approximately thirty-five thousand persons who swarmed aboard during the ship's short stay at Chester, came on board, together with a number of the wives and friends of officers and men. Early liberty was granted the crew and they quickly took advantage of Mayor Turner's announcement that the Navy uniform would be ticket enough to any of the moving picture houses in the city. The Masonic Club extended a blanket invitation to members of the fraternity.

Scores of impromptu parties and receptions were tendered the officers and enlisted men by residents of the city Monday night.

Tuesday marked the beginning of a strenu-

ous two days. At noon the officers' wives were guests of the Delaware County Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, at a luncheon in the Chester Club. At night half of the crew were guests at a splendid dinner in the same club, marching there in a body, headed by a twenty-piece band from the battleship *Wyoming* under the leadership of First Musician Arthur J. Radwitch. The other half of the crew were similarly entertained Wednesday night.

The following wives of officers of the ship attended the D. A. R. luncheon: Mrs. W. C. Wickham, Mrs. F. B. Royal, Mrs. M. H. Spriggs, Mrs. H. E. Thornhill, Mrs. A. M. Wright, Mrs. C. M. Jensen, Mrs. O. R. Goss, Mrs. H. M. Shaffer, Mrs. E. L. Fryberger and Mrs. J. E. Moore.

At three o'clock Tuesday afternoon, in the presence of a perfect jam of visitors, in a hollow square flanked by the ship's officers and crew, Mayor Samuel E. Turner and his cabinet, with members of the official reception committee, presented a beautiul silver service to the ship. This service, with a punchbowl used on the old scout cruiser *Chester,* were gifts of the city. Mrs. E. D. Glauser, regent of Delaware County Chapter, D. A. R., presented a fine ship's clock, mounted within a model of a steering wheel.

Mayor Turner's presentation speech was so inspiring that it is quoted in full:

From morning until night it was just like this while the cruiser *Chester* was guest of the City of Chester, Pa.
—By Green Studio, Courtesy Chester Times.

The Mayor's Speech

When the American boy speaks of the American Navy it is with almost an idolatrous pride in our ships, the men who go down to the sea in them in the cause of our common country and in the face of death. History's pages recall to him the days and names of John Paul Jones; of Decatur; of Farragut; of the Porters, who were our own townfolk, as was also Farragut; of Perry, at Lake Erie. He sees again, in fancy, the heroic transfer of his country's flag from Perry's sinking flagship, *Niagara,* and reads again that immortal and heartening message: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." He hears again that emperious call to surrender and the trumpeted reply of the intrepid Jones from the shattered and wrecked decks of the *Bon Homme Richard*: "I have not yet begun to fight." His sires tell him of a nation's rejoicing on that great May day at Manila when Dewey's famed squadron and his gallant tars humbled the power of haughty Spain and taught the whole world that the great democracy of the western world was no longer to be trifled with; that this Government of the people, by the people and for the people was determined to reassert and uphold the doctrine that the western continent should be immune from hostile foreign meddling and invasion; of the famed exploits of Schley, Sampson and Hobson, at Santiago; of Clark, with his sea dogs, in that world-famed cruise, piloting the *Oregon* around the Horn in her desperate race to reach the scene of conflict in time for action; of the renowned Farragut at Mobile Bay, electrifying the nation with his courageous order: "Damn the torpedoes, go ahead!"

These are but a few of the great beacons of our Naval history and literature, that for years have regulated the heart beats of Americans. They are Naval classics. All

tell of times of stress and storm in our nation's forward march to greatness, and tell, too, of the heroes whose names, fame and glory can never fade.

I stood, a short time since on the crest of the hill overlooking that wondrous paradise, that vast expanse of forest, upland, meadows and winding streams and hillsides, rich with ripened corn, now the graveyard of a nation's heroic dead at Valley Forge, and visioned in my manhood as I had in my youth, the terrible trials and sufferings of the men who there gave their all to secure and maintain the blessings we now enjoy. And I thought of those hillsides in the sunny Southland now dotted with ten times ten thousand graves, known and unknown; of that great host of patriots who gave the last full measure of devotion, in the sacred cause of human liberty and human rights. And now I envision other great graveyards, marked only by the rolling, tumbling waters of the world's oceans, the rivers that flow to the seas, and think of that other great host who went before and are still going down to the sea in ships, carrying our flag to every corner of the earth; carrying a message of hope, happiness, life and liberty, to all the peoples of the globe. And then I realized what it really means to be an American citizen. I realized what pride in our national ideals really is. And as I stand here today, on this very spot that marks the birthplace of the modern American Navy, my memory reminds me that this gallant ship whose mission will be to uphold the finest traditions of that Navy, now floats almost upon the very spot from which was launched on the 12th day of April, 1884, one of the most famous vessels that ever flew the American flag. There is a wonderful fascination and intense inspiration that this very spot, upon which this noble ship stands, inspires. It may not have been recalled by many of us, but my heart swells with pride and satisfaction and I

envision with memory's eye that April day in 1884, when from the ways that stood almost exactly where we stand today, there slid gracefully into the waters of the Delaware a ship that was destined to make almost as much history as the old *Constitution* or John Paul Jones' *Bon Homme Richard.* I can hear again the cheers of Chester's patriots as the *Dolphin* began her long, almost half century, service in the cause of our common country.

No vessel in our Navy can boast of a more enviable record that the *Dolphin,* or been the subject of so much bitter political controversy. Payment for its construction was refused by the Government to its builder, John Roach, and she was condemned as "structurally weak." Mr. Roach was embarrassed, hundreds of men thrown out of employment, and after the political storm was over she was accepted by the Government and began a career almost unexcelled by any other vessel in our Navy. She participated in the Spanish-American War, being attached to the North Atlantic Fleet, and at Santiago was under fire of the forts. During the World War she was the busiest boat in the Navy, covering every water tributary to the Atlantic, and in that terrible hurricane of November 27, 1917, while in Haitian waters, this "structurally weak" craft, with her boats and upper works smashed, the officers' cabin, wardroom and radio room flooded, she plowed through to Guantanamo, took aboard coal and supplies and continued her heroic efforts to help make the world safe for democracy. She has visited every known port in the world. She has sailed in quiet waters and buffeted every storm. Her flag is known from China to New York; from Liverpool to Australia, and all the Seven Seas have been her playground and her workshop. After thirty-eight years' continuous service to our country, on December 6, 1921, she was placed out of commission and on the following February 25, 1922, she

was sold to private parties, but still plows the oceans of the world, nearly forty-nine years of age, in spite of her alleged "structural weakness."

Yes! We were proud of the *Dolphin*; proud of her record; proud of every patriot that ever trod her decks, and proud of the Chester artisans who built her, and we are going to be just as proud of this gallant namesake of ours, that is honoring us with her presence on this historic spot today, and we bespeak for her a life and record as honorable and as useful as the *Dolphin.*

We did not have the honor of building the first cruiser *Chester,* but we did have the honor, in November, 1909, to have her visit our city and entertain her officers and men. Upon that visit our people rose grandly to the occasion and graced her galley with a gift (a punch bowl), which now seems strangely out of place, but we are passing it on to you with these other pieces of silver. We have no doubt that many pleasant recollections surround it.

And now to the glory of God and in honor of the brave men who man this ship and are willing to give their lives to secure and maintain the blessings we enjoy; from the depths of a sterling patriotism, and in the fulness of their generous hearts, the people of the city of Chester, in bidding you God-speed through all the Seven Seas, present to you these tokens of their esteem and regard. Every time you use these gifts, these emblems of our love and hopes, you will be reminded of another shrine, the birthplace of our Navy, and of some of the immortal heroes who made it great. Every time that from these you lift to your lips the cheery cup, you will recall the sixty thousand souls in Chester whose prayers and pride and hopes are with you always. Let me say with Longfellow:

"Sail on, oh ship! Nor fear to breast the sea.
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!"

"We can only hope to follow in the wake of the old scout cruiser *Chester,* so that the good people of Chester, for whom we have such a warm feeling, may always feel proud of the ship that bears its name," said Captain Fairfield, in his response to the mayor, accepting the gifts.

Many inspiring telegrams were received by the ship while at Chester. Among them were greetings and best wishes from Clarence Grant Smedley, Chester A. Baker, the Boy Scouts of America, Chester Arms Hotel, Washington Hotel, and literally scores of others. In fact, the enthusiasm and whole-hearted friendliness evinced by the citizens of Chester during the warship's visit was in every way equal to the famous reception given the Fleet in Australia five years before.

During the dinner given the crew at the Chester Club music was furnished by a colored jazz orchestra and Miss Mae Reynolds, a widely known local singer, rendered several numbers, accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Sarah Bomberger. Smokes were given out—and therein hangs a tale. A sailor at one of the tables

OLD COURT HOUSE ERECTED 1724
CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA

Dinner

in honor of the

Officers of the U.S.S. Chester

tendered by citizens of the

City of Chester

Tuesday evening, October fourteenth

nineteen hundred thirty

Philadelphia Yacht Club

Essington, Pennsylvania

Wednesday night, selected two lumps of sugar and with a pencil made them into dice, with which he proceeded to win most of the cigarettes and cigars at his table, to the great delight of all present. It was a happy lot of boys.

The wives of the officers of the U. S. S. *Chester* were entertained Tuesday night at dinner and bridge at the Springhaven Club. The hostesses were the women of the general committee. Among those present were Mrs. McCandless and daughter, of Annapolis, Maryland. Miss McCandless is engaged to one of the ship's officers. Mrs. McGuigan, wife of Lieutenant Commander J. L. McGuigan, of the Naval Construction Corps, was present, together with the Mesdames F. B. Royal, H. E. Thornhill, A. M. Goss, J. E. M. Moore, E. L. Fryberger, C. M. Jensen, E. R. Johnson and H. M. Shaffer.

On Tuesday evening there was a sumptuous dinner given to the officers of the *Chester* by the citizens of the city of Chester. It was held at the Philadelphia Yacht Club, of Essington, Pennsylvania. A souvenir engraved menu booklet was given to each guest, containing a photograph of Captain Fairfield and a roster of all of the officers of the ship. A photograph of the front page of this booklet is reproduced here. It was a triumph of the art of printing and engraving.

At this dinner, Mr. Albert R. Granger introduced Mayor Turner who made a few ap-

propriate remarks, which were responded to by Captain Fairfield. Mr. C. A. Bardo, president of the New York Shipbuilding Company, was a guest. Other guests were Commanders Abbett and Wickham, Lieutenant Commanders Spriggs, Royal and Porter, Lieutenants Thornhill, Wright, Tague, Kelley, Seletski, Crenshaw, Ferris, Davis, Fryberger, Jordan, Thornton, Hank, Jensen, Bond, Woelfel, Johnson, Pate, and Ensigns Corby, Hanson, Laing, Martell, Robinson, Scull, Lieutenant Commander Goss of the Medical Corps, Lieutenant Shaffer of the Supply Corps, Chief Boatswain Anderson, Chief Gunner Whiteacre, Chief Electrician Montz, Chief Radio Electrician Des Rosier, Chief Machinist O'Neill, Chief Machinist Naprstek, Chief Machinist Behrends, Chief Carpenter Mazzarella, Chief Pay Clerks Moore and Roberson.

Captain Fairfield entertained Mayor Turner and party at a luncheon on board ship Wednesday. At night those officers who had been unable to attend the Philadelphia Yacht Club dinner of the night previous, were given an equally fine banquet by the city at the Alpha Yacht Club, of Chester.

The Cruise Ends

When the *Chester* left for Hampton Roads Thursday morning it was with genuine regret.

The sixty thousand citizens had turned out en masse with open arms for their men in blue; and there is no class of people on this earth so appreciative of kind and courteous treatment as the Yankee of the Seas.

The cruiser joined the Scouting Fleet at Hampton Roads Friday morning, October 17, 1930, as a unit of Light Cruiser Division Number Five.

Now that all is said and done and we are back home again, the stirring events of the great shakedown cruise are as a vivid dream that will recur as fond recollections for many years to come. We had looked forward to its commencement; during it we saw and learned at Government expense that which would have cost an average tourist several thousand dollars to see and learn; yet, as days rolled by, thoughts of our native land took root and grew apace, and we realized that in truth there is not, there never was, there cannot be another place like home—not one.

It is a lure and a deception, as the French novelist Gautier wrote, to think that all things interesting and all happiness is where you are not.

Our world is a great rainbow, with the United States of America propping up both ends.

A Mediterranean Sunset

ROSTER

OF THE

Officers and Enlisted Men

U. S. S. CHESTER

WHO MADE THE

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

Commissioned Officers

Captain Arthur Philip Fairfield	Annapolis Class 1901		Commanding
Commander Harry Jefferson Abbett	Class 1907		Executive
Commander William Carter Wickham	Class 1908		Navigator
Lieut. Comndr. Forrest Betton Royal	Class 1915		Gunnery
Lieut. Comndr. Morris Homer Spriggs	Class 1915		Engineer
Lieut. Comndr. Robert Lee Porter	Class 1917		First Lieut.
Lieutenant Henry Ehrman Thornhill	Class 1918		Sr. Asst. Engr.
Lieutenant William Handy Hartt, Jr.	Class 1918		Communications
Lieutenant Albert McIntyre Wright			Electrical
Lieutenant James R. Tague	Class 1920		Sr. Aviator
Lieutenant Floyd F. Ferris	Class 1921		Gunnery
Lieutenant Joseph B. Seletski	Class 1921		See note
Lieutenant John S. Crenshaw	Class 1921		4th Div. Ofcr.
Lieut. (j.g.) Charles Alonzo Bond	Class 1925		F Div.
Lieut. (j.g.) Reuben Thomas Thornton, Jr.	Class 1925		3rd Div. Ofcr.
Lieut. (j.g.) Julian Bethune Jordan	Class 1925		1st Div. Ofcr.
Lieut. (j.g.) William Edwin Hank	Class 1925		Torpedoes
Lieut. (j.g.) Clyde Marcus Jensen	Class 1925		2nd Div. Ofcr.
Lieut. (j.g.) Seymour A. Johnson	Class 1927		Aviation

Lieut. (j.g.) Charles D. Griffin	Class 1927	Aviation
Lieut. (j.g.) John C. Woelfel	Class 1927	B Div. Ofcr.
Lieut. (j.g.) Oscar Willis Pate, Jr.	Class 1927	VT Div. Ofcr.
Ensign Albert Bruce Corby	Class 1928	VT Div. Ofcr.
Lieut. Comndr. Orville Roscoe Goss (MC)		Medical
Lieutenant Howard Manfred Shaffer (SC)		Supply Ofcr.
First Lieut. Richard M. Cutts, Jr., (USMC)		Marine Ofcr.
Ensign Charles B. Martell	Class 1930	Jr. F Div. Ofcr.
Ensign Gifford Scull	Class 1930	Jr. F Div. Ofcr.
Ensign Burton S. Hanson, Jr.	Class 1930	Jr. A Div. Ofcr.
Ensign Oakleigh W. Robinson	Class 1930	Jr. 1st Div. Ofcr.

NOTES: Lieutenant Seletski was on board at commissioning, but was transferred to the hospital at Newport prior to sailing, and did not make the cruise.

All other wardroom officers were present at commissioning except Lieutenants Tague, Crenshaw, Johnson, Woelfel, Griffin and Ferris, and Ensigns Martell, Scull, Hanson and Robinson, all of whom, however, made the cruise.

Lieutenant Commander J. L. McGuigan, of the Construction Corps, attached to the New York Shipbuilding Company, made the cruise, leaving the ship at Chester, Pennsylvania.

Warrant Officers

Chief Boatswain Nils Anderson	Boatswain
Chief Gunner Harold Lewellyn Whiteacre	Gunner
Chief Electrician William Peter Montz	Electrician
Chief Radio Electrician Edgar Joseph Des Rosier	Assistant Radio Officer
Chief Machinist Charles John Naprstek	A Division Officer
Chief Machinist Henry John Behrends	M Division Officer
Chief Machinist James Edward O'Neill	B Division Officer
Chief Carpenter Nicholas Mazzarella	Carpenter
Chief Pay Clerk James Edwin McConkey Moore	Assistant Supply Officer
Chief Pay Clerk George Otis Rex Roberson	Assistant Supply Officer

Chief Petty Officers

Edward R. Ahern ..... CMM
Samuel W. Beach ..... CRM
Joseph V. Buckley ..... CWT
Aloysius B. Carroll ..... CGM
Roman Drews ..... CWT
Charles R. France ..... CWT
Thomas M. Franklin ..... CMM
Albert J. B. Graham ..... CCM
William F. Griffin ..... CBM
Robert O. Grigoliet ..... CMM
Oscar F. Gordon ..... CWT
Philip E. Grover ..... CWT
Howard G. Guilkey ..... CMM
Richard A. Guill ..... CEM
Henry C. Harris ..... CY
Edward R. Horn ..... CTC
Ralph M. Howard ..... CQM
Joseph F. Kahn ..... CPhM
Nickolas F. Kennedy ..... CMM
David L. Leahy ..... CSK
John F. Letcher ..... GNY SGT
Charles C. Light ..... CRM
Bonnie B. McCaskill ..... CMM
James McCone ..... CEM
*Clifford G. Madison ..... CWT
Irving J. Marchant ..... CEM
Thomas Moran, Jr. ..... CWT
Raymond M. Phelps ..... CMM
Joseph H. Pickup ..... CBM
*Harry F. Purcell ..... CEM
Frederick W. Reason ..... CTM
*Barron C. Sherill ..... ACOM
*Max Skaggs ..... CEM

Simon W. Stewart ..... CWT
Archie J. Sullivan ..... CSK
George Tanch ..... CWT
*Clarence A. Tudge ..... CY
John E. Weigel ..... CSM
Eric S. Whitman ..... CAP
Chester G. Williams ..... CBM
Donald E. Williams ..... 1ST SGT
Earl R. Wilson ..... CCStd

NOTE: All men whose names are not preceded by an asterisk were attached to the ship on day it went into commission.

Purcell and Madison were present at commissioning, but were transferred before the ship sailed.

Marchant was rated during the cruise.

EXPLANATION OF RATING ABBREVIATIONS

ACOM—Aviation Chief Ordnanceman
CAP—Chief Aviation Pilot
CBM—Chief Boatswain's Mate
CCM—Chief Carpenter's Mate
CCStd—Chief Commissary Steward
CEM—Chief Electrician's Mate
CGM—Chief Gunner's Mate
CMM—Chief Machinist's Mate
CPhM—Chief Pharmacist's Mate
CQM—Chief Quartermaster
CRM—Chief Radioman
CSM—Chief Signalman
CSK—Chief Storekeeper
CTC—Chief Turret Captain
CTM—Chief Torpedoman
CWT—Chief Watertender
CY—Chief Yeoman
GNY SGT—Gunnery Sergeant (U. S. Marines)
1ST SGT—First Sergeant (U. S. Marines)

Marines

Bass, James P., Jr.—Private 1st class
Baird, George C.—Private
Bangs, George F.—Private
Beaman, William C.—Private
Bergner, Ralph E.—Private
Boyer, Charles R.—Private
Champion, Benjiman P.—Private
Clayton, Denver H.—Private
Cranston, David P.—Private
Crusoe, Hubert R.—Private 1st class
Day, Arthur—Private
Fears, Johnnie—Private
Hembree, Lloyd A.—Private
Hoskins, Jacob D.—Private
Howell, Holden—Private
James, Bennie—Private
Jenkins, Ellwood—Private
Jennerjohn, Harold A.—Private
Johnson, Herman—Private
Kelley, Joshua—Sergeant
Levi, Eugene G.—Private 1st class
Logiudice, Angelo J.—Sergeant
Mize, Alton M.—Private
Moody, Luther T.—Private
Morris, Seaborn M.—Private
Poplin, Homer D.—Private
Rieth, Wallace K.—Corporal
Ripp, Stanley L.—Corporal
Rives, Olin H.—Private
Schmitt, John C.—Private
Sinnett, Gearld G.—Private
Taylor, Clarence L.—Corporal
Toffalo, John—Private

Vitale, Arthur ---------- Private
Wenning, Walter W. ---------- Private
Williams, Harold E. ---------- Private
Williams, James A. ---------- Private
Wine, Earl W. ---------- Private
Wolbank, Edward W. ---------- Private
Wooton, Winston G. ---------- Private

Other Ratings

Adams, Earle D. ---------- Sea-1c
Akers, Laurence V. ---------- F-3c
Aldrich, Walter C. ---------- SC-3c
Alexander, Harvey W. ---------- Sea-1c
Allen, Cecil F. ---------- EM-2c
Allen, Lawrence G. ---------- Sea-2c
Allen, Wyatt B. ---------- Eng-2c
Alles, Augustus F. ---------- GM-2c
Amick, William H. ---------- Sea-1c
Amposta, Salvador ---------- MATT-2c
Antonius, Frederick J. ---------- WT-2c
Apisa, Michael D. ---------- RM-3c
Ash, Vinnie C. ---------- MM-2c
Asuncion, Modesto ---------- MATT-2c
Atkins, Gael E. ---------- RM-3c
Baker, George F. ---------- SM-3c
Baleros, Isabilo ---------- MATT-1c
Ball, Graham M. ---------- Sea-2c
Banks, Bert C. ---------- F-3c
Barham, John T. ---------- Sea-2c
Barksdale, Claude S. ---------- Sea-2c
Barnes, Robert R. ---------- RM-2c
Barnhill, Clifford C. ---------- F-3c

Barry, Kenneth A.---WT-2c
Bartholomew, Grant R.---Sea-1c
Bartram, George E.---Eng-2c
Baughman, Carl ---Sea-1c
Baxter, Reynold "B"---Eng-1c
Bays, Roy E.---Sea-2c
Beatty, Ralph G.---Cox
Beltran, Jose ---OC-1c
Bender, Charles J.---Sea-1c
Benedict, Morris D.---Sea-1c
Benkert, George F.---SMM-1c
Bennight, Medford J.---Sea-1c
Bergara, Anacleto ---MATT-2c
Bertocchini, Alfred J.---WT-1c
Bidgood, Edward H.---F-3c
Billington, James W.---Sea-1c
Bishop, David W.---Sea-2c
Bisson, Honore ---Sea-2c
Bixler, William O.---Sea-2c
Black, John C.---Sea-1c
Blackburn, Patton H.---BM-2c
Blacketer, Clarence ---GM-3c
Blackwell, Frank D.---Sea-1c
Blalock, Johnson S.---Sea-1c
Bliesner, Carl B.---RM-3c
Blumeti, Angelo A.---Sea-2c
Boley, George E.---RM-1c
Boone, Roy L.---Sea-2c
Bottom, Leslie W.---RM-3c
Boulton, Frank ---Sea-1c
Bourgeois, Gordy ---MM-2c
Bowman, Bernard ---SC-1c
Boyce, George S.---Eng-2c
Boyle, James ---SK-2c
Boyle, Thaddeus W.---AP-1c

Brady, Andrew ---------- F-1c
Braley, Charles F. ---------- Sea-2c
Branum, George W. ---------- Sea-2c
Brayman, Joseph F. ---------- BM-2c
Breakton, Paul L. ---------- EM-3c
Brewer, Edward G. ---------- F-2c
Brinkley, Alvin ---------- AMM-2c
Broas, Agapito ---------- MATT-1c
Brockdorf, Henry A. ---------- SC-1c
Bruce, Ernest A. ---------- Sea-1c
Bruhl, Clarence F. ---------- EM-3c
Buchanan, Willie L. ---------- SC-1c
Bupp, Walter H. ---------- AMM-2c
Burge, Clifford T. ---------- Sea-1c
Call, John H. ---------- Sea-1c
Cameron, Ewen D. ---------- F-3c
Campbell, Howard S. ---------- Sea-2c
Campbell, Zebra J. ---------- MM-2c
Capps, Martin O. ---------- F-2c
Carney, Peter P. ---------- Sea-2c
Carr, Raymond ---------- Sea-2c
Carter, Frank H. ---------- F-3c
Caspari, Edmund M. ---------- Sea-1c
Cavallier, Louis J. ---------- EM-2c
Chamis, George A. ---------- AS
Chapman, Ralph A. ---------- F-1c
Chase, Clinton H. ---------- Sea-1c
Chiappone, James ---------- Sea-1c
Chitwood, Joe C. ---------- Sea-2c
Chovin, Stephen O. ---------- Sea-1c
Clark, James D. ---------- Sea-2c
Clark, Preston J. ---------- Sea-2c
Cole, Hubert N. ---------- F-3c
Cole, Odas L. ---------- Sea-1c
Collet, Elmer J. ---------- SK-2c

Collins, Edwin H.—EM-3c
Colombo, Fidel —WT-2c
Connell, William R.—Sea-1c
Cook, Harry J. T.—Sea-2c
Cook, Louis E.—Sea-1c
Corning, David S.—Sea-1c
Coulson, James H.—Sea-2c
Cox, Linford W.—Sea-1c
Cramer, Clarence H. F.—GM-3c
Crane, Herald LeR.—EM-2c
Crane, Robert P.—MATT-1c
Criscuolo, John G.—F-1c
Crosby, Edmund B.—Sea-1c
Cullipher, James H.—Eng-2c
Culwell, Herman —WT-1c
Cunningham, William P.—WT-2c
Czado, Louis J.—Eng-2c
Dannecker, Frederick T.—BM-2c
David, Raymond W.—Sea-2c
Davis, Russell W.—SM-3c
Davis, Thomas A.—PhM-3c
Deering, William U.—Sea-1c
Delaney, Peter H.—Eng-1c
Delgado, Frank —SC-2c
De Moss, Ferrell—F-3c
Dilks, Robert E.—Bug-1c
Dodd, Henry W.—Sea-2c
Donat, Henry W.—Sea-1c
Doty, Elmer L.—RM-3c
Drummond, Burton L.—Sea-1c
Duffy, William H.—Eng-1c
Durrell, Amos W.—F-3c
Edwards, Francis S.—Cox
Edwards, Leland M.—QM-1c
Elks, William J.—F-3c

Elliott, William P.---Bkr-3c
Erbst, Gerald W.---Sea-2c
Evans, Loy ---Sea-2c
Fanger, Earl ---Sea-1c
Farish, Lewis Q.---Sea-1c
Farnham, Harry L.---Sea-2c
Fernandez, Estaban ---OC-3c
Fisher, James L.---Sea-2c
Fisher, Theodore C.---Sea-2c
Fletcher, John "E"---SF-3c
Fleury, Edmond A.---F-3c
Forrer, Harold K.---Sea-2c
Fowler, Arthur W.---Cox
Fregau, Edgar L.---Sea-2c
French, Maynard A., Jr.---F-3c
Frickman, Walter M.---F-2c
Friebel, Felix C.---SC-3c
Frost, Evert E.---Sea-1c
Fuchsig, Frank H.---Eng-1c
Fuss, George C.---Sea-2c
Gantt, Claude C., Jr.---Sea-2c
Garrett, Gay O.---Sea-2c
Giddings, Durvin C.---F-3c
Gilbert, Arthur R.---PhM-3c
Gilger, William J.---SC-2c
Gill, Charles ---Bkr-1c
Goforth, John W.---Sea-2c
Golden, Gerard J.---F-1c
Goldstine, Charles H.---Sea-1c
Goodwin, Herman A.---F-2c
Gough, Charles R.---EM-2c
Graff, Louis J.---F-1c
Graham, John B., Jr.---F-2c
Graham, John L.---PhM-2c
Grant, John M.---AMM-1c

Grassl, Felix H.---Sea-2c
Green, Fred T.---MM-2c
Green, Raymond L.---Sea-2c
Green, Robert A.---F-1c
Greene, William K.---Sea-1c
Griffith, Charles M.---PhM-3c
Grigg, Alexander D.---F-1c
Griggs, Arthur E.---EM-3c
Grindle, Newton ---Sea-1c
Hackley, Myron P.---Sea-1c
Hale, Robert O.---Bug-1c
Hall, Henry ---F-1c
Hallet, John B.---BM-1c
Hallman, Lawrence O.---Sea-1c
Hanan, Lawrence "J"---QM-2c
Hankins, Alfred J.---Sea-1c
Hanna, William J.---F-3c
Hansen, Clarence J.---WT-2c
Harding, Benjamin H., Jr.---Sea-1c
Harner, Fred W.---F-2c
Harper, Herbert G.---Sea-2c
Harris, Herbert T.---Eng-2c
Harrison, Paul R.---MM-2c
Hartinger, Newell D.---Sea-2c
Hawkins, Marion H.---AMM-3c
Hayden, Robert P.---F-1c
Heffner, Russell G.---AOM-2c
Helfrick, Clo D. ---Sea-1c
Helm, Clarence ---F-1c
Herring, James A.---WT-1c
Hicks, John A.---Eng-2c
Honeysett, Merle ---Sea-1c
Hooks, James E.---F-3c
Horner, Charles ---Sea-2c
Howard, Mat A.---F-2c

Hoy, Donald P.----F-1c
Huffaker, Thomas O.----SK-3c
Humphrey, Clearance L., Jr.----F-1c
Hunt, Raymond S.----SK-3c
Huntington, Stanley G.----Sea-1c
Hurley, John O.----Sea-2c
Husted, Lee A.----Sea-2c
Hyden, James M.----Sea-1c
Javier, Fernando ----MATT-2c
Jensen, Oscar J.----Sea-2c
Jodaitis, Francis G.----F-2c
Johnson, Charlie H.----F-1c
Jones, Arthur H.----TM-3c
Jones, Charles D.----Sea-1c
Jones, Walter W.----Sea-1c
Jones, Wilmer E.----RM-3c
Kaiser, Conrad L. H.----F-2c
Karg, William P.----Y-2c
Keefe, Nylie L.----EM-2c
Kelley, Boyd E.----Sea-1c
Kelly, Charles W.----EM-1c
Kelly, John T.----BM-1c
Kelly, Paul F.----Sea-2c
Key, Andrew L.----GM-1c
Killman, Walter F.----EM-3c
Kirby, Harold C.----Sea-2c
Kirn, Walter L.----RM-3c
Kittell, Bart J.----Cox
Klauder, Charles H., Jr.----PhM-1c
Kohn, Joseph R.----Sea-1c
Koif, John ----WT-1c
Kopczynski, Martin J.----F-3c
Krasowski, Andrew ----Sea-1c
Kruger, Sylvester O.----WT-1c
Kunzer, Max ----Sea-1c

La Follette, Chester J. ---- F-1c
Lambie, Carl A. ---- Sea-2c
Langer, Lloyd H. ---- QM-3c
Lapham, Ernest R. ---- Sea-2c
Larson, Axel S. ---- WT-2c
Leboff, Maurice M. ---- Sea-2c
Lefka, John J. ---- Sea-1c
Le Grady, Stephen A. ---- Sea-2c
Leyhan, Mark L. ---- MM-1c
Liapas, Michael ---- F-2c
Long, Roy L. ---- Sea-2c
Loveland, Albert S. ---- GM-3c
Loy, Michael J. ---- Sea-2c
Lucas, Tom H. ---- F-1c
Luchitz, Walter B. ---- Sea-1c
Lucius, Randolph "S" ---- Sea-2c
McCaffery, Elmer V. ---- MM-1c
McCance, Albert C. ---- Sea-1c
McCaskey, Frank O. ---- EM-3c
McCombs, Otis ---- F-3c
McCorkle, Quinton ---- F-3c
McCoy, Clarence W. ---- BM-2c
McCoy, Jack W. ---- SM-2c
McDowell, Walter L. ---- F-2c
McGinty, Millard J. ---- EM-3c
McLendon, Johney B. ---- CSmth-1c
McMichael, Raymond R. ---- Sea-2c
McNew, Harold E. ---- EM-2c
Machite, Delfin ---- MATT-1c
Magtutu, Gervasio ---- OS-2c
Marriott, John ---- Cox
Marshall, Preston W. ---- Sea-1c
Marsigliano, Vito ---- Sea-2c
Martell, Clarence ---- Sea-1c
Martin, Angelo ---- Eng-2c

Martin, Fred C.---Cox
Martin, Leonard H.---MM-2c
Martin, Oland D.---WT-1c
Massucci, William ---Sea-1c
Mattison, Webster D.---EM-3c
Mayer, Theodore ---SF-3c
Medias, Herman H.---F-2c
Meekam, Robert, Jr.---WT-2c
Melchi, Lawrence E.---Sea-2c
Meyer, Frederick H., Jr.---Sea-2c
Michel, Karl G.---MM-1c
Mickshis, Peter J.---Sea-1c
Miles, Onan "C"---WT-2c
Miller, Richard E.---RM-1c
Miller, Thomas W.---Sea-2c
Mills, Louie J.---Sea-2c
Milroy, Alexander ---SF-3c
Miner, Alden D.---F-2c
Mitchell, Sam C.---F-3c
Montgomery, Arthur I.---MM-2c
Montgomery, George W.---Sea-1c
Morgan, Homer McR.---F-3c
Moritz, James P.---Sea-1c
Morris, Carl ---Ptr-2c
Morris, Leo W.---RM-1c
Morris, Raleigh T.---F-1c
Morris, Whitty C.---EM-3c
Moss, Lloyd J.---EM-1c
Mulligan, Donald R.---Sea-2c
Mungo, Robert A.---Sea-2c
Murphy, Harry J.---Sea-2c
Murphy, John T.---MM-1c
Muzzey, George D.---WT-1c
Naida, John ---Sea-1c
Newman, William H.---Sea-1c

Nulliner, Edward M.---GM-3c
O'Connell, James P.---Sea-1c
Odom, Luther E.---Sea-1c
O'Donnell, Thomas J.---SF-1c
O'Dower, Frank E.---Sea-2c
O'Kelly, George M.---F-3c
O'Man, John T.---Sea-2c
Opalenik, Charles M.---Sea-2c
Orlando, Jim---Sea-1c
Ostberg, Berthold C.---F-2c
Padlar, Stephen---TC-1c
Page, Lewis E.---F-2c
Palmer, Hasford H.---Sea-2c
Pape, George R.---F-2c
Papillon, John R.---RM-3c
Parker, Edward R.---Sea-1c
Pasquale, Joseph A.---F-3c
Pearson, Jerome B.---F-1c
Peddy, Herbert---F-3c
Peebles, Richard H.---Eng-1c
Peele, Carlton R.---Sea-2c
Pendleton, Leslie D.---FC-2c
Penland, Joe R.---Sea-2c
Penn, Elmer D.---Sea-2c
Penny, William---SC-3c
Peters, "J" M. H.---F-3c
Peterson, Harry O.---Sea-1c
Petrosky, Leon---Sea-2c
Pevney, Samuel---EM-2c
Phelan, Joseph P.---Y-1c
Picard, Nestor E.---Sea-2c
Pierce, James F.---Sea-1c
Pierson, Harry J.---F-2c
Piguerra, Margarito---MATT-2c
Pitoscia, Daniel---Sea-1c

Plummer, William ---------- Sea-2c
Polk, Winthrop B. ---------- RM-3c
Potter, Roy W. ---------- F-3c
Povey, Howard L. ---------- QM-2c
Powell, Clarence E. ---------- Sea-2c
Powell, Jesse W. ---------- Sea-2c
Preston, Bryan H. ---------- Sea-1c
Price, Jack B. ---------- Sea-1c
Pride, Bertis ---------- Sea-2c
Prizzi, Samuel A. ---------- Sea-2c
Prozzo, Salvatore A. ---------- F-2c
Quail, Edward D. ---------- MM-1c
Quilon, Jacobo ---------- MATT-1c
Ramil, Quintin ---------- MATT-3c
Ramos, Teodoro ---------- MATT-2c
Rankin, James A. ---------- Sea-2c
Reardon, John B. ---------- GM-1c
Reed, Ralph T. ---------- Sea-2c
Reilly, Edwin H. ---------- TM-2c
Riggs, Whitham W. ---------- F-3c
Riley, Albert H. ---------- GM-1c
Robbins, Harry C. ---------- Sea-1c
Roberson, Ted "J" "D" ---------- Sea-1c
Roberts, Herman V., Jr. ---------- WT-2c
Robertson, John R. ---------- F-3c
Robichaud, Joseph J. ---------- Sea-2c
Robinson, Vernon ---------- TC-1c
Rock, Floyd W. ---------- Sea-2c
Rockwell, Harold R. ---------- Sea-2c
Rodebaugh, Theodore R. ---------- F-1c
Roeschel, William F. ---------- Sea-1c
Roetzler, Fridolin B. ---------- AMM-3c
Rogers, Robert F. ---------- Y-1c
Roy, Abby J. ---------- SF-2c
Rurak, Frank J. ---------- Sea-2c

Russell, Theodore J.---RM-2c
Ryan, Nelson C.---WT-1c
Sackett, "J" M.---F-3c
Sales, Charles P.---GM-1c
Salindong, Feliciano ---MATT-1c
Salomon, Juan ---OC-1c
Samaniego, Hernando ---MATT-3c
Santilena, James G.---Sea-1c
Sargent, Willard H.---Sea-1c
Sauerbier, John J.---Eng-2c
Schaefer, Paul E.---MM-2c
Schane, Daniel J. F.---Sea-1c
Schelm, Charles L.---Sea-1c
Schneider, Frank ---MM-2c
Scholz, Henry G.---EM-2c
Schrader, Erich H.---WT-1c
Schriver, George E., Jr.---WT-1c
Schroeder, John C.---EM-1c
Schutt, John R.---Sea-1c
Scott, Charles DeW.---Sea-1c
Sealskin, Charles E.---Eng-1c
Sedberry, Frederick C.---RM-1c
Selby, Norman E.---F-1c
Sevinski, John J.---Sea-2c
Sharrock, Ralph C.---MM-2c
Shearer, Robert M.---F-2c
Siebold, Harold R.---F-3c
Sierputowski, Walter S.---F-1c
Silvia, Jose ---F-1c
Simon, Harry C.---Sea-1c
Skelton, James C.---MM-2c
Sleeper, Harold C.---F-3c
Smith, Edward L.---AMM-1c
Smith, James E.---Bmkr-1c
Smith, James M.---Sea-2c

Smith, Johnny L.---EM-3c
Smith, Milton K.---WT-1c
Smith, Raymond E.---Sea-2c
Smith, William H.---Eng-1c
Smith, William H.---RM-2c
Smoot, George D.---Sea-1c
Snyder, Harry E. W.---SM-1c
Solomon, Guy T.---Sea-2c
Sorrell, Jesse D.---Sea-2c
Sparrow, Paul F.---Sea-2c
Spence, Arthur E.---Sea-1c
Spencer, Cyrenus A.---Eng-1c
Sprague, Edwin J.---Sea-1c
Squires, Alexander J.---EM-1c
Stanley, George W.---Sea-2c
Stanton, William T.---Sea-2c
Stapley, Jay A.---Sea-2c
Stea, Peter ---MM-1c
Steiner, Adolph ---F-3c
Stickel, George P.---FC-1c
Strader, Edward M.---Sea-2c
Straney, Joseph A.---F-1c
Stubbs, Howell B.---Eng-2c
Sturgeon, Ethan A.---F-3c
Sugrue, John P.---GM-2c
Sullivan, Francis A.---Sea-2c
Sullivan, Philip J.---EM-2c
Sweeting, Francis T.---GM-3c
Sylvia, George P.---SF-3c
Talmadge, Vincent L.---Sea-2c
Tannenbaum, Nathan A.---Y-2c
Tardy, Sidney A.---RM-2c
Taylor, Elden T.---Sea-2c
Tenney, Charles G.---Sea-1c
Tews, Carl F.---Sea-2c

Thackerson, Claude M.---Sea-1c
Thomas, Harmon R., Jr.---Sea-2c
Thomas, Harry F.---Sea-2c
Thompson, Elmer O.---F-1c
Thompson, James W.---CM-3c
Thompson, Joseph ---OS-3c
Thompson, Robert ---Bkr-1c
Thorne, Henry F.---EM-1c
Tigner, William C.---F-1c
Tite, Sidney A.---Sea-2c
Torian, Glen S.---Sea-1c
Towler, Charles H., Jr.---Eng-1c
Treadway, Gerald H.---Sea-1c
Trias, Jose ---MATT-1c
Truett, Ralph H.---Sea-1c
Trujillo, Euard ---WT-2c
Tschirgi, Raymond H.---F-1c
Tulao, Carlos ---MATT-3c
Turcovsky, John ---F-3c
Uhl, Glen P.---EM-2c
Vance, Harry W.---Sea-1c
Van Osten, Ray---MM-2c
Vassallo, Santo ---Sea-1c
Veloso, Ildefonso ---MATT-3c
Vier, George P. ---Sea-1c
Vincent, Troy C.---Sea-2c
Vito Cruz, Jose ---MATT-3c
Wade, Lewis C.---Y-3c
Wade, Samuel F.---Sea-1c
Walden, Frank ---Sea-1c
Walker, Edward H.---FC-3c
Wallace, Donald ---SK-3c
Wanless, Wilfred G.---Sea-2c
Weaver, Huey ---Sea-2c
Weeks, Hollie L.---BM-1c

Weisberg, Samuel ---------- MM-1c
Welch, James W. ---------- Eng-2c
Welch, John M. ---------- TM-1c
West, Robert A. ---------- F-2c
Westling, Robert ---------- Sea-2c
Whalen, George D. ---------- F-3c
Whitaker, Albert L. ---------- Sea-2c
Whitaker, Elmer P. ---------- Sea-2c
White, Lawrence C. ---------- Sea-2c
Whitley, Milton W. ---------- Sea-1c
Wilke, Fred E. ---------- QM-2c
Wilkins, Fay F. ---------- MM-2c
Wilkins, Willie J. ---------- Eng-2c
Williams, Benjamin S. ---------- Sea-2c
Williams, Kenneth J. ---------- RM-3c
Williams, Thomas H. ---------- WT-1c
Willis, Harry P. ---------- Sea-1c
Wilson, William R. ---------- Sea-2c
Windle, Albert J. ---------- MM-2c
Witmer, Sherman D. ---------- MM-2c
Wolfe, John E. ---------- Sea-2c
Woods, John A. ---------- Sea-1c
Wright, Loaton G. ---------- Sea-1c
Wright, Ulrich S. ---------- F-3c
Wysocki, Thomas M. ---------- Sea-2c
Yates, Bernard H. ---------- MM-1c
Yike, William J. ---------- WT-2c
Young, Henry P. ---------- WT-2c
Young, Urban "L" ---------- SK-1c
Young, William J. ---------- EM-3c
Zampiglione, Louis ---------- GM-1c
Zarate, Aquilino ---------- MATT-3c
Zentz, Frank R. ---------- WT-1c
Zerate, Calion ---------- MATT-3c

Explanation of Rating Abbreviations

AMM—Aviation Machinist's Mate
AOM—Aviation Ordnanceman
AP—Aviation Pilot
AS—Apprentice Seaman
Bkr—Baker
BM—Boatswain's Mate
BMkr—Boiler Maker
BSmth—Blacksmith
BUG—Bugler
CM—Carpenter's Mate
Cox—Coxswain
CSmth—Coppersmith
EM—Electrician's Mate
Eng—Engineman
F—Fireman
GM—Gunner's Mate
MATT—Mess Attendant
MM—Machinist's Mate
OC—Officers' Cook
OS—Officers' Steward
Ptr—Painter
QM—Quartermaster
RM—Radioman
SC—Ship's Cook
Sea—Seaman
SF—Shipfitter
SK—Storekeeper
SM—Signalman
SMM—Sailmaker's Mate
TC—Turret Captain
TM—Torpedoman
WT—Watertender
Y—Yeoman

#1173 2641
Library of the Marine Corps
3000193711